DO OUR WRITERS KNOW THE NEGRO? By Harry A. Overstreet

THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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You folks up here in the hills certainly are lost

Being lost ain't so bad, it's getting found that bothers us

THESE ARE pages from a new book by Keith Jennison called NEW HAMPSHIRE. Many people will call it, hastily, a picture book; the text is very brief, a line or two to a page, opposite a photograph.

But, like Mr. Jennison's two previous books, VERMONT IS WHERE YOU FIND IT and THE MAINE IDEA,* NEW HAMPSHIRE is, in essence, something completely new in technique, feeling, and accomplishment. Each of the three is a fused record of people, speech and place.

There is a great deal of Mark Twain in this book and, oddly enough, not a little of the Latin poet Horace. Mark Twain? Well, there is the exactitude of Mr. Jennison's record of a dialect—for which Mark would have praised it. A dialect is more than a regional turn of speech. It is part of a landscape; it is the very spirit of a place. A people's character, Mark Twain knew and Mr. Jennison knows, is in its dialect and above all in its humor. Quote a jest of a French *midi* in any language, and its yeasty vigor and its hint of the macabre will place it. The mockery, the slightly blasphemous derision and cruelty in the wit of a Spanish peasant will out in any linguistic dress. Omit the affectionate regard from cockney ribaldry and you have lost London. Its fantastic absurdity is the strongest character of the wit of New York. It is a haunting and haunted absurdity. The wit of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire has its quality too. The gnomic remarks Mr. Jennison has chosen project his people far more powerfully than many a long novel has done.

And Horace? "Three acres and a cow" is a theme which we believe was brought into English literature from Horace, who wrote many poems about rural peace on his little farm. But whatever its origin, the Horatian idea has become a basic concept of our civilization, for all our roaring machines. And, as in the Latin poets, the idea here emerges both as epigram and haunting poetry. Look at No. 16 of Mr. Jennison's images. "How many children have we got?" Answer: "Well, there's three living . . . and one in Manchester." And after the calm of that pictured garden, the image of the industrial city has all the force of a shellburst. That is epigram. But turn to No. 7. Here is a complex poem: "I suppose I shouldn't expect too much from people in a place like this. Why I came here I'll never know." Now turn a page. "We never missed you, lady," is the reply. But it is the first picture which explains the security and deep peace behind the quizzical derision of the response. Gaze at the first picture of this sequence, at the road turn, the small white church, the swelling hill in the woods, and you will have the peculiar sensation of being haunted by the thought that, after all . . . it's true.

Keith Jennison, a fifth-generation Vermonter, has the unerring eyes, ears, and mind of the interpretative artist. He examines thousands of photographs before he chooses the exactly right one for a line of text. His books are not merely pages between covers to read and look at; they are whole compositions which, like a favorite album of music, you may experience again and again.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Images and the Negro

Do Our Writers Really Know and Understand This American?

HARRY A. OVERSTREET

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of two articles on the American Negro in literature. Dr. Overstreet deals this week with the vital role of fiction writers and psychologists in relation to the Negro problem today. Next week, Dr. Overstreet discusses the problem as viewed by the Negroes themselves. Because of the importance of the subject, the editors will welcome suggestions for bringing together psychologists and fiction writers interested in a more accurate representation and characterization of the Negro.

HOW we behave toward people is chiefly determined by the images we have of them. If we have been taught to regard people as untrustworthy, or shiftless, or no-account, or congenitally inferior, we inevitably tend to treat them as if they were that way, even though they may be quite otherwise. The image is more powerful than the reality.

This applies with particular force in our relations to Negroes. It is inconceivable that whites should ever do full justice to Negroes so long as they retain the images of them which they have held in their minds. These images have wrought immeasurable harm.

The image of the Negro as a kind of clown, with comic turns of speech and ludicrous behavior, has robbed him of dignity. The images of him as lazy, childishly dependent, and dishonest have excused us from having confidence in him; while the images of him as vicious and sexually irresponsible have put him outside the pale.

No doubt each of these traits is to be found among individual Negroes, as each is to be found among individuals of any group—particularly a group that has been kept outside the opportunity-structure of organized society.

But to regard these traits as if they were typical of the Negro "race" has been most unfortunate. Writers and speakers who have thus regarded them have committed the fallacy of generalizing from too few particulars.

Great harm has been done by the "contented slave" stereotype. It has fixed in the minds of the whites the image of a docile creature, happiest when taken care of; and it has made them unable to think of the Negro as having the same urge as a white man to make something of himself.

Great harm has been done the Negro by professional humorists, who have made him into a source of inexhaustible white laughter. Irvin Cobb has one of his characters protest: "I ain't a problem, I'se a pusson; I craves to be so reguarded." But Cobb and his fellow professionals have never so regarded him. They have made him into something very like a playsome dog, whose antics we enjoy—until he jumps on the sofa. Then we put him in his proper place by a stern, "Down!"

Even writers who have had no particular anti-Negro or pro-white bias have frequently done the Negro disservice. Attracted by his engaging side, they have magnified this in their stories, thereby creating the stereotype of the easy-come, easy-go, laughing, over-generous, hedonistic child of nature. This may all seem very innocent and bright; but a hedonistic child of nature is hardly the kind of individual the white man trusts to build a strong society.

—*James L. Allen*

"The Slave," by Teodoro Ramos Blanco.

These images, and others like them, have built up a false estimate of the Negro's actual and potential powers. They have made it hard for the white man to see the Negro save through a haze of misconceptions.

The most important thing, therefore, that could be done today to advance the cause of understanding between whites and colored would be to rectify the images. If new images could be created that not only were true but that would win the white man's respect and liking, the racial problem would be farther along toward its solution.

Fiction writers have been among the most powerful creators of images. They have in large measure been responsible for many of the false and misleading images of the Negro that now persist in the white man's mind. For the most part they have used him either as material for the white man's entertainment or as evidence to prove the white man's superiority. Or they have fought the good fight for him; but in so doing have made him either into a type too good for life, or into an object of pity, not respect. Rarely has there been among fiction writers a sense of psychological obligation to build the kind of impartial image of the Negro as a *whole* human being that would make him truly understood by the whites.

But the tide of fiction is turning. Not only among Negro novelists but among white, a new social and psychological seriousness is becoming evident. To compare Thomas Dixon of "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman" with T. S. Stribling of "The Forge," "The Store," and "The Cathedral" is to move from a world of psychological ignorance and irresponsibility to one of profound obligation to psychological and social truth. The ad-

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vent, since 1924, of more than a score of Negro novelists who, in all seriousness and with considerable literary skill, have tried to make their people come alive in their stories, marks an advance beyond the days when only whites wrote of Negroes and wrote of them from the angle of white prejudice or of well-intentioned but misleading ignorance.

Another thing has happened since the days of Dixon and his kind: the science of psychology has become an influence in the American scene. It has moved not only into the forefront of the human sciences, but into the literature and everyday thinking of the common man. Today it plays a major part in building our image of sound minds in a sound society.

Out of the various psychological researches has come a kind of composite picture of what the individual needs if he is to be fully equipped as a human being. Out of these researches, too, have come pictures of frustrated, thwarted, and distorted human beings, and of the conditions under which such failures in personality take place. Psychologists have made us conscious of how powerfully environmental forces can shape the individual's mental and emotional life. They have exploded the complacent fiction that any man can be master of his own soul. By endless examples they have shown how man's soul is too often mastered by his surroundings. Out of these researches, too, have come techniques for discovering what makes people what they now are, and for making them into different creatures by changing the conditions of their life.

Contemporary writers of fiction are not unaware of the need for a psychological approach to their material. The power of Richard Wright's novel "Native Son" lies in its disclosure of the vicious effects of evil environment upon character. So does Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit." Psychologists could have no more powerful way of getting their own views about environmental conditioning disseminated than through the pages of such novels.

THE time is more than ripe for fiction writers to examine this whole program of image-making. They have a profound responsibility for the pictures they create. By the turn of a phrase, or by a simple description of a Negro character, they can sharpen the racial conflict or lessen it. Their task now—if they care about lessening it—is to decide how they can honestly portray the Negro in such ways as to make him respected and liked.

Psychologists, too, are concerned about true and false images and their effect upon human relationships. Their chief problem has been to build up among people the image of wholesome personality.

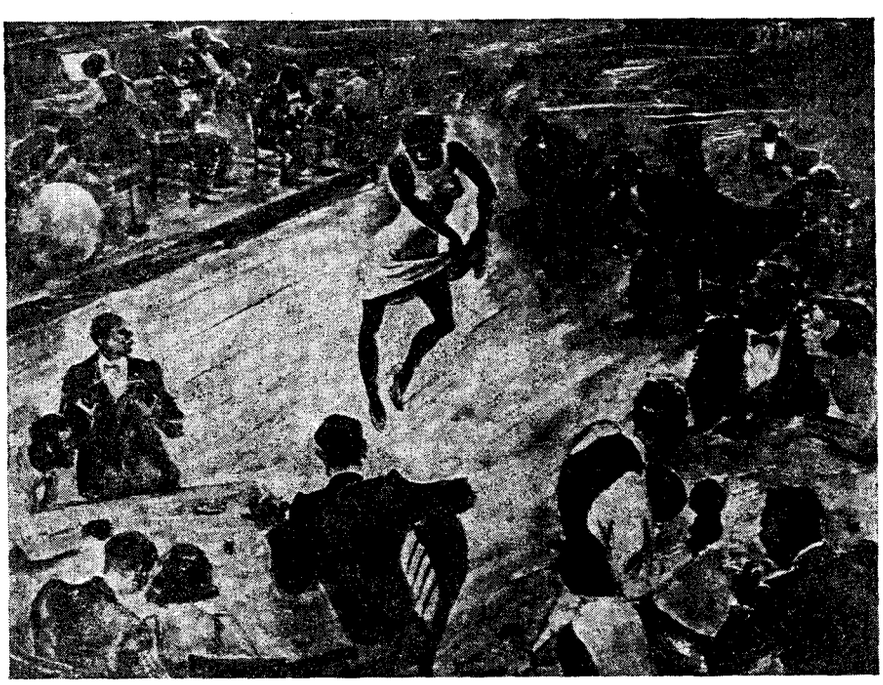
Might it not be immensely helpful if fiction writers and psychologists were to put their heads together on this wholly fundamental problem of the kinds of images that need now to be created? Psychologists could be helpful to writers by bringing to them the results of their researches into personality-structure—into what makes people what they are; they could also acquaint them with what has happened to certain derogatory views about Negro mentality and character that once seemed to be substantiated by psychological tests, and that consequently had a wide vogue among the whites; furthermore, they could check on the degree of fidelity to life of fictional portrayals of the Negro; finally, they could widen the scope of fictional writing by revealing situations where the events were those of mind and emotion rather than of overt action.

A stock objection to this would be that creative writers are an unmanageable, temperamental lot who do ill under scientific restraint. This, however, is completely untrue of the typical modern writer of fiction, who frequently spends months and years in careful research preparatory to plunging into his creative work. Association with psychologists, far from being a detriment to creative endeavor, would, in all likelihood, be a help toward critical mastery of the material.

The fiction writer, in turn, could be of help to the psychologist, for he is himself a kind of psychological scout. He is out in the field, so to speak, watching people, noting their reactions to variations of fortune. He has a kind of psychological sixth sense that helps him to detect what the laboratory psychologist often does not perceive. Contact with these psychological "field agents" would bring to the man of research problems of human relationship, particularly under the intensified conditions of Negro life, that would otherwise not find their way into his laboratory or clinic.

Psychologists and writers of fiction, by thus working together, could clarify the question as to the kinds of images of the Negro we now need to create and would be justified in creating. This, today, is our central problem. These images must be true. But if they are to serve their purpose, they must be true not to cases so isolated and particular as to be misleading, but to cases that show forth the overspanning truth of Negro character and aspiration in such way as to awaken respect among whites and self-respect among Negroes.

No such clarification of image-creating, so far as I am aware, has yet been attempted; nor has such coöperation between fiction writer and psychologist been suggested. I have the feeling that if fairly wide and continuous coöperation between the two could be carried on, truer and more effective images of the Negro would begin to be created and to gain currency. This might prove to be one powerful way of advancing us toward racial justice.



—*James L. Allen*

"Writers . . . have created the stereotype of the easy-come, easy-go, laughing, hedonistic child of nature." Painting by David Patterson Boyd.

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Love and Scenery for the Millions

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET. By Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward, McCann. 1944. 502 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

THERE is a profound difference between the latest full-bodied historical romance, Elizabeth Goudge's "Green Dolphin Street," and the epic naratives of Kenneth Roberts or Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind." Except for a brief episode of the Maori war in New Zealand it does not deal with the military campaigns and bloodshed that have strewn our most popular historical novels with corpses. It is concerned, rather, with the spirit of man and his struggle for three things, his own life, true love, and the development of his soul. As an introduction, Elizabeth Goudge quotes a paragraph from Evelyn Underhill, "Three great cravings of the self, three great expressions of man's restlessness, which only mystic truth can satisfy. The first is the craving which makes him a pilgrim and a wanderer . . . The next is the craving of heart for heart, of the soul for its perfect mate, which makes him a lover. The third is the craving for inward purity and perfection, which makes him an ascetic, and in the last resort a saint."

This is the theme of the novel which has just won the largest prize ever offered for a work of fiction, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollar prize, which unhappily Miss Goudge will have to split with two countries, Great Britain and the United States, along with whatever large sums the publishers will pay her in royalties, and they will be large sums, for "Green Dolphin Street" has been custom-built for the desperate times in which we are living.

It is nostalgic, since the lives of the three major characters she relentlessly pursues through five hundred pages of small type are lived in those Victorian days from whose traditions we have felt that we have only recently emerged. It is picturesquely remote, since the locale is the town of Saint Pierre on one of the Channel Islands which few Americans have ever visited, and also New Zealand in its frontier days, of which we know even less. It is sentimental, since it deals with the never-dying love of two women for one man from childhood to the verge of the grave; it is at heart religious and Catholic, and we live in a time when religion means box-office success for the motion picture producer and the publisher. It has, one might say, everything, and it will give the ordinary reader a whole week of daydreaming and escape from reality.

The two sisters, island aristocrats, whose lifelong fate was sealed when they saw one morning in Saint Pierre a handsome boy of thirteen, whose father, an untidy but a heart-of-gold physician, had just returned a widower to his native town. Marguerite, the younger of the sisters, a happy, blue-eyed, blonde child, wins his love; Marianne, dark, passionate, self-willed, determinedly molds his life until he leaves the island, a lieutenant in the Royal British Navy, bound for the China coast. The young ladies sit behind and wait frigidly for over ten years for word from him. William, in the meantime, had been lured by a half-caste girl in a Chinese port into losing his ship and one morning, penniless, half-naked, and drugged, finds himself aboard a clipper ship, bound for New Zealand, an exile. At first it would seem that William did not have in him the stuff of which the heroes of popular historical novels are made. He is an extrovert, happy-go-lucky, lazy, and something of a toss-pot. After shaking off a grimly determined missionary, he joins in the timber country a rough and ready pioneer who has lived among the Maoris for years, yet who is a wood-carver and a philosopher with an extraordinary poetic vocabulary. After a decade William is a substantial enough citizen to take a wife and in a moment of yearning for his lost Marguerite he writes her father, asking him to let his daughter sail to New Zealand to be his wife. Unfortunately, he has been drinking while he mused on his true love, so that instead of Marguerite he wrote Marianne and consequently he received the shock of his life when a steel-corseted and sallow little lady in green threw her arms around him on the deck of the *Green Dolphin*. This noble clipper ship threads its way through the tale like the *Flying Dutchman*. Marianne and William had boarded her one early morning in the harbor of Saint Pierre and had been befriended by Captain O'Hara and his ape-like servant, who was later to live with William and Marianne until his death. She is the ship William finds after he has fallen from grace in China; she brings his unwanted bride to him from around the world; she is wrecked off the coast of New Zealand, and William heroically rescues most of her crew, and, of course, has the same name as the street on which the girls live. "Oh, to be aboard her when she went to sea again. To feel the great lift of the ship when the seas took her and see the sails blossoming like flowers upon the masts," writes Miss Goudge, who uses some of her finest prose on scenery and ships.

Marianne, violently possessive, ambitious, and vain, tries to make a successful man out of William in the wilds of New Zealand. And he, concealing until the end his fatal mistake, tries to shield her from the destruction of her pride and to convince her that he loves her deeply, though at times his hatred of her almost overcomes him. For years they live a kind of cat and dog life, while William's fortunes are ruined by storms and native insurrections and are rebuilt by Marianne's indomitable will. They have a daughter, born after an earthquake, on whom her father lavishes the love he has been denied for Marguerite. She, too, is a symbol among the many in this book, for the author believes that nothing happens to us by chance in this precarious world. When New Zealand has nothing more to offer Marianne, for the wealth William has acquired begins to crumble in the depression of the eighties, they return to the beautiful old home on Green Dolphin Street in Saint Pierre, their essential conflict still unresolved.

In the meantime, Marguerite has taken the veil and has become the Prioress of a visionary nunnery on the island. Serene, tall, and beautiful in her old age, she has never at heart recovered from William's renunciation of her love. Finally the truth is revealed and Marianne, after going through a torment of hatred and despair, becomes reconciled and finds that she has won her lifelong battle, and that William is now securely hers. As for the old Prioress of the nunnery, the revelation that it was all a mistake and that William had never stopped loving her is expressed by Miss Goudge in this way:

> "Perhaps there is less chance in life than we realize," said Marguerite softly. She was holding on with both hands to the rock, for the singing joy that was sweeping through every part of her was making her body feel light and airy as blown sea spray, light as a young girl running to her lover's arms in the morning of the world. Her soul, too, was running faster and faster, across a blue meadow where the stars grew like flowers upon either side, to

(*Continued on page* 16)

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A Comedy of Manners

CLUNY BROWN. By Margery Sharp. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1944. 270 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

TO quote her own words, Margery Sharp started writing "by design." The design she chose was felicitous indeed—adroit, piquant, deceptively easy, a gaiety and charm of style "like bees," as Elinor Wylie said, "gilded . . . and with a little sting."

Like "The Nutmeg Tree," Miss Sharp's new novel is a natural for dramatization. The author's zest for situation carries the story from peak to peak. Cluny Brown, the Tall Parlor Maid who does not "know her place"; Sir Henry and Lady Carmel, generous, good-hearted, but blind to any existence outside the "God's pocket" of traditional English country house life ("Dear, who was Franco?" Lady Carmel asks. "Spanish feller," replies her husband); Andrew, their son; Betty Cream, fabulously beautiful young modern; Adam Belinsky, the Polish refugee writer who upsets the calm of Friars Carmel—these and others who move through the pages of this story are frankly characters rather than people. It is a comedy of manners, and it wears its Social Significance with a difference. The little sting which Miss Sharp injects is her skillful, good-humored satirizing of English tradition, a sly poking fun at a caste system which is thoroughly understood by everyone but Cluny Brown.

People are always asking Cluny "Who do you think you are?" And Cluny, though she could never answer that question in so many words, is simply a human being with an irrepressible personality and no sense whatever of the social consciousness exemplified by her Uncle Arn Porritt, the successful plumber, to whom the basis of all civilized, all rational life was to keep to your class. Cluny wanted a dog, but housemaids do not keep dogs, so on her afternoons off she adopts Roddy, the Labrador Retriever belonging to Colonel Duff-Graham of a neighboring manor house. Cluny once went to tea at the Ritz all by herself, because she wanted to see what it was like. She once spent a day in bed eating oranges and trying to relax like a Persian cat, as advised by the beauty editor in the Paddington paper. Cluny had no pretensions to beauty; she was tall, gangling, and plain, but her excessive naiveté led her into situations which persuaded her uncle that what she needed was to go into good service, under a strict housekeeper. So Cluny joined the staff at Friars Carmel. "There are twenty-seven rooms," writes Cluny to her uncle,

> Queen Elizabeth slept in one of them but I have to share. The other girl is called Hilda. We wear brown in the mornings, black in the afternoon, get up at 6.30, do the stairs, do the hall. Hilda does the breakfast room, cook gets breakfast, we have ours, do the morning room, do the beds, do the drawing room, Lady Carmel does the flowers. I have seen her once. Mrs. Maile took me in and said this is Brown the new maid. Lady C said she hoped you'll work hard and be happy Brown, then Mrs. M. took me out.

The impact of Cluny's personality on the household, the interweaving elements of plot, and the startling and, to tell the truth, rather incredible denouement of the story are Miss Sharp's to tell, and I shall not spoil it for the reader by revealing how Cluny eventually found who she was. It is a delightful book, witty, perceptive, its irony dealt with a most velvet hand. When Cluny, having slipped out for a romp with Roddy, is seen by the group at tea on the terrace,

> Lady Carmel recognized her parlor maid with a start of surprise. "It's Brown," said Lady Carmel, rather quietly. "That's right, she's from your place," said the Colonel. "Comes over Wednesdays and gives Roddy a run."
>
> The fact that it was not Wednesday but Thursday struck Lady Carmel rather forcibly. However, with no family lunch to serve, it was quite possible that Mrs. Maile had given the girls permission to slip out. . . .

Margery Sharp

> "Of course, Mrs. Maile spoke of it," said Lady Carmel. "It's very kind of you."
>
> For some reason the Colonel felt defensive. "Roddy's taken to her," he explained. "Very nervous beast." He felt this put matters on a better footing, and so in fact did Lady Carmel. The nerves of a well-bred dog deserve every consideration. . . .

Margery Sharp's particular talents—a lighthearted but shrewd insight, a demure irreverence, an infallible sense of theatre—make this a thoroughly enjoyable book. Its profundity is by implication, mirth sweetens its mockery. Cluny herself, though at times improbable, takes her place beside Julia of "The Nutmeg Tree" as one of Miss Sharp's most engaging ladies.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ERRORS BY AUTHORS

Authors, like literary quizzers, make mistakes now and then. Here are ten famous boners by well-known writers. Can you identify the writer and the work in each case? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. What poet, in what poem, described the astronomical impossibility of "the horned moon and with one bright star within the nether tip"?
2. What author, in what tale, caused one of the characters to leave a solitary footprint in the middle of a sandy beach?
3. Who began what famous short story with this description of a character's financial condition: "One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies."
4. What poet, in what poem, described a bird flying through "falling dew"?
5. What novelist, in what novel, has all the clocks in London strike to indicate that the time is ten minutes of nine?
6. What poet, in a poem picturing the life of English refugees in Georgia, has them menaced by tigers?
7. What playwright, in a play whose action occurs in 44 B. C., has clocks striking, although striking clocks were not invented until some 1400 years later?
8. What poet, in what song, described the sunflower as turning through the day so as always to face the sun?
9. What poet, in what poem, not only located China west of Burma and across the Bay of Bengal (where India is) but also had the sun rise in the west?
10. Who (with tongue in cheek) wrote what story with a descriptive passage which included the words: "far in the empty sky a solitary esophagus slept upon motionless wing"?

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Historian and Man of Letters

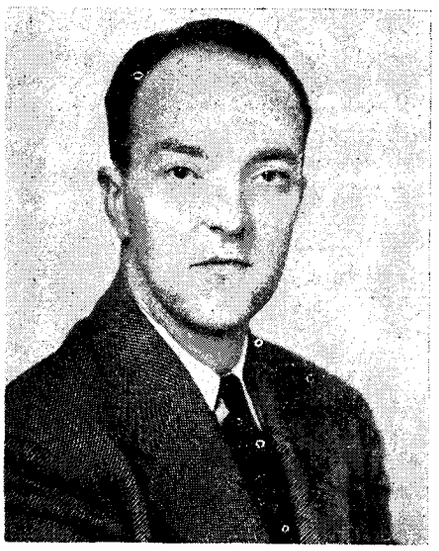
GEORGE BANCROFT: Brahmin Rebel. By Russel B. Nye. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 340 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

BANCROFT'S "History of the United States"—the massive work originally published in ten volumes, and later revised and condensed in six—was long regarded as a perdurable classic. The first volumes were so hailed by Emerson; Edward Everett declared that the work would last while America itself lasted; and when R. L. Stevenson came to America as an amateur emigrant he loaded himself down with Bancroft's set as an indispensable introduction to the republic. The United States of the late sixties quivered over "the war of the grandfathers" as Bancroft waged hostilities with the Schuyler, Greene, and other families, outraged because an impartial historian had criticized their sires. When Bancroft died in 1890, he seemed to most people to occupy the same position in American letters that Von Ranke had occupied in German. But who, apart from professional students of American historiography, reads Bancroft today?

Yet Bancroft, with all his faults of matter and his still graver deficiencies of style, remains a great historian, who accomplished indispensable pioneer work in hewing out and hammering down our first broad highway from the year 1492 to the year 1789. That other writers have done better is partly because they have had his labors by which to profit. Educated at Göttingen and Berlin under Heeren, Schleirmacher, and Hegel, he brought to America canons of scholarship and ideals of arduous research which no earlier historian, no Hutchinson or Belknap, had understood. He brought to a provincial land, too, the breath of a wider, more challenging intellectual life. He saw Goethe and Byron, he met Manzoni and Constant, he conversed with Alexander von Humboldt, Bunsen, and Niebuhr. He had the courage to undertake a monumental historical work, the enthusiasm to deal with it as a convinced philosophic democrat, his spirit imparting real ardor to his pages, and the industry to carry it through to the end. Diligently collecting an immense mass of manuscript materials, most of which are now the cherished property of the New York Public Library, he made thorough and judicious use of them. He obtained access to papers, such as those of Lord North, which had been closed to scholars. In short, it is hardly too much to say that before George Bancroft, our history had been made known to us only through annalists and local antiquarians. After Bancroft's first eight volumes (for he published that many prior to the Civil War), it was impossible to deal with the subject except in a scientific and philosophic spirit.

Bancroft was more than a historian, however, and much of the interest of his career lies in the variety and dignity of his activities. He essayed to be a poet of the Coleridgean school. He helped found a famous school at Northampton. He wrote for the *North*



Russell B. Nye

American Review when that magazine vied with the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. He was an assiduous politician of the Jacksonian school, taking to public affairs much more naturally than Washington Irving and getting much further than Richard Hildreth. Indeed, as Secretary of the Navy he helped establish the Annapolis Academy, and gave the first order for the entry into California. As Minister to England he met all the great English men of letters, seeing much of Macaulay, Milman, and other fellow-historians, and earnestly carried on his researches while dispatching official business; as Minister to Prussia he witnessed the formation of the German Empire, to which he was then accredited. As Andrew Johnson's adviser he wrote the greater part of that President's first message to Congress. For the last thirty years of his life he was almost a Nestor of American affairs, being chosen by Congress, for example, to pronounce a eulogy on Lincoln; and for the last fifteen he dispensed the hospitality of a sage at Newport in summer and in Washington in winter, a figure universally revered.

Mr. Nye has in many respects done justice to this manysided man. His book thoroughly and succinctly explores every part of Bancroft's activities, and competently surveys his numerous achievements. It is sown with brief excerpts from letters of Bancroft that have come to light since M. A. De Wolfe Howe published his admirably-written life of Bancroft many years ago, and at all points it is abreast of the latest scholarship. If it leaves the impression of a somewhat pedestrian mind, and a somewhat arid nature, that is doubtless in part because Bancroft unmistakably had pedestrian and arid qualities. We suspect that it is also in part because Mr. Nye has no incisive talent for the depiction of personality, and because his biographical method presents every fact and event of Bancroft's life with a drab uniformity of emphasis. Nothing about the man, his vocations, or his achievement is made to stand out with arresting saliency. The book is thoughtful, scholarly, shrewd, and well-modeled—but it lacks vitality.

And yet vitality of no uncommon order Bancroft must have had. The years of the young poet, scholar, and prospective teacher in Europe unquestionably seemed to him gleaming years of romantic adventure. The Round Hill school represented an idealistic innovation in the education of American youth which deserved high praise; and it should not be forgotten that John Lothrop Motley, Ellery Channing, H. W. Bellows, and Philip Kearney, among others, got part of their training there. Bancroft's exuberant enthusiasm for Jacksonian democracy, and his bravely unflinching hatred for the Lecompton democracy of Buchanan, are equally to be accounted to his credit. The historian loved roses as well as old documents, and cultivated the social amenities no less than precision in historical fact, playing a courtly and impressive part in a wide sphere. It is true that he was not a man of high inspiration, and that he was never known for numerous and exciting ideas. Yet there are numerous political generalizations in his history which possess real profundity. Above all, he tried to write something like a great prose epic of the struggle of the American people to achieve full and complete liberty; a struggle which, in Bancroft's view, reached its majestic climax in the Revolution and the establishment of the Constitution. Because he did not have the gifts of a Carlyle, his great work failed of epic qualities—and yet the intention had something magnificent in it. The man possessed an inner glow, and he merited a more glowing book.

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Strictly Personal...

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following "Strictly Personal," contributed by Dr. Canby, is published herewith by arrangement with* The Yale Review, *where it appeared originally in January, 1912. The trip to which the article refers was made in 1909.*

THE RARE EARTH OF NORMANDY

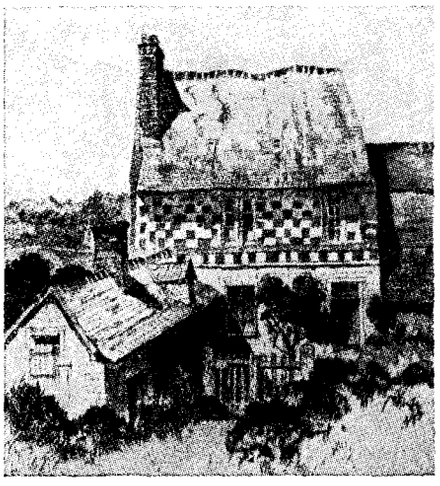
CAEN is a town over which the spirit of history broods, and furthermore, it is the very crystallization of a French characteristic which foreigners constantly overlook. It is a gray city sprawling over a cup of the Orne valley between hills which it crests on either side. Here William the Conqueror seems to have been most at home, seeing that he built his best church and was buried in Caen. Here was the true debatable land in the struggles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries between French and English. Here the pure Norman architecture first raised ponderous monuments, and here, among towns of size, modern French prettiness seems to have effected almost the least alteration. For Caen is all hard, gray stone. Hotel, church, hovel, street, arch, bench, all hard and gray. I never saw a town so uncompromising, if once you escape from *place* and boulevard, those inevitable concessions to Paris. No grass, few flowers, little color of any kind, but tunnel-like streets where you can well nigh touch the stone on either side, great stone courtyards seen through dim stone arches, churches that are monoliths of old stone, and a university famed for such cold, hard subjects as science and law! The chronicles record the burning of Caen. The conflagration must have been farcical! But if there is nothing flimsy in this ancient stronghold neither is there anything prosaic nor heavy. It is French through and through,—durable, beautiful, hard. It is a monument to some of the best moments of one of the strongest as well as the most talented of races.

History barks your shins at every corner in Normandy, yet it is not more abundant than the picturesque. The picturesque in Normandy, however, is not the same as the picturesque in Switzerland or in Germany. Its abode is more strictly in villages or in towns. The Norman country is above praise, but it is seldom picturesque. Its mountains are too low, its waterfalls too unromantic, its valleys too placid and too broad. When the Norman advertises his country as "pittoresque," beware. We rode all of five miles uphill on a dusty day to see a famous *Fosse Artur* whose flanks, in the words of the local guide-book, dominate "une hauteur qu'on ne peut mesurer sans éprouver un sentiment d'effroi et vertige," and found it to resemble closely an abandoned stone-quarry. But the towns and villages make up for any romance the country may lack. There is a little street of square courtyards surrounded by rose-colored walls covered with pink Crusader's moss, and backed by rambling, half-timbered houses, crested on the ridge-tree by green rushes, the whole called Muids, which is wildly picturesque. Domfront, famous for its hangings, gathered together on top of its vast rock and jutting over the little Varenne, would have its picture in every tourist's guide-book if only it were on the main route to Paris. But if your ambition is to place your finger on what is *Norman* picturesqueness, a place less bizarre than Domfront, and less visited than the Seine valley is to be recommended. I would suggest Mortain.

Mortain hangs upon the steep slopes of the hills, which come up out of Brittany and run across southern Normandy towards Chartres. It is at the edge of *La petite Suisse Normanne* where the Orne rises, a rugged country of winding valleys between hills purple with heather. The gray town, for it is gray and as hard as Caen, clings to the cliffs above the ravine of the Cance, famous (in Normandy) for hair-raising cataracts twenty feet high, and looks far out over a rolling landscape to the distant ocean where, in clear weather, Mont-Saint-Michel, crowned by La Merveille, rises faintly from the glitter of sea or sand. You should come to Mortain not as we did at first, by rail, but as afterwards, when we walked over the heather hills to their western crest, saw Mortain clustering beneath us, and then looked out over the dim, rich valley to the distant coast:—

Purple with heather was the path we chose,
And gray the little town beneath us clinging,
Rosy the West, and far and dim in the rose
The Mount—like an angel in the sunset winging.

Mortain was a Norman outpost with an eagle-nest castle to guard its pass. The castle is gone, all but some ivied walls and its sheer pedestal, but the town is built of granite and looks as if it would last for ever. One long street hangs upon the hillside. Halfway, it pauses below a stone platform on which rests the grimmest of churches with a tower like a Breton menhir. The architect of St. Louis designed this church. It is pure early Gothic—almost too pure! Inside, great stone columns march about the choir and nave holding up solemn capitals in protest against the fripperies in light stone perpetrated elsewhere. Below the church is the very microcosm of a city's *place*. A jet of water gushes from the stone platform into a rock sarcophagus of mighty granite before which the washerwomen splash and gossip all day long; stone benches hold the idlers of Mortain, few in number; and opposite is Monsieur Bertholet's café where one sits in the sun and sees the world go by.



—*From "France Will Live Again."*
Cottage in Normandy.

THE world visits Mortain only upon market days, and when it comes it brings its livestock also, as if expecting another flood. High carts, hundreds of them, come bouncing over the pavement, each driven by a square-faced fellow in a blue blouse, with side-whiskers on his pink cheeks. So prepotent has been the blood of these Normans that you are surprised to hear him speak French instead of rural English. With him is a rosy wife in black dress and trim white cap, and three daughters, also in black dresses, but with ugly hats, except the youngest who goes bareheaded; and below and behind them two pigs squealing horribly, a family of distrustful ducks all quacking, three baskets of placid Belgian hares who stare from soft brown eyes and never try to run away, and, tucked among the animals, all manner of green salad plants, pink fruits, and glossy vegetables. The folk get down, and O, the clatter of sabots as they join the stream of white caps and blue blouses which moves up and down Mortain street! The shrill vendors call atten-

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tion to the cheap wares in their booths —"Ah, messieurs et mesdames ne passez pas; c'est dommage!"; the butter tester threads the piles of livestock and produce in the market place to jab his knife into the balls of white-gold butter and taste for quality; little girls and boys scream the weekly paper just out for market-day—"La Normandie-ie, un sou!"; while in narrow lanes that pitch down the hillside you discover particular affairs going on between the young people, or two old fellows clinching a bargain, or a bloodthirsty peasant woman wringing the life out of an armful of ducks. Is not life after all more picturesque than scenery! But here one gets both. For when the market is over and the white caps and side whiskers are wagging over cider, or coffee and *eau de vie,* in the cafés and *brasseries,* the gray town above, the green ravine below assert their quiet charm. Normandy, in truth, is very good for towns, good for the town in the old sense of the word; an assemblage of the folk in the dwelling-place their desires have made for them. And granite Mortain, with its *arbres séculaires,* its tiny green gardens, its purple hills and widespread valleys, is good among Norman towns because it fits so thoroughly its solid but kindly inhabitants.

Normandy is preëminently good for that excellent, old-fashioned sport of bicycling. You are staying, let us say, at Lyons-le-Forêt among the hills above the Seine. In mid-afternoon, on a narrow forest roadway, you leave the broad *route nationale* to dust and automobiles far below, and, unterrified by horn or siren, push your wheels through shadows of beech and oak to the very crest of the woods; then, freely coasting, rush down through the pines, until, with a shout, you sweep into the sunlight on the edge of a great valley, and whir down the curves of the hard road to its warm depths. Then up, through the unfenced fields, all gold and scarlet with wheat and poppies, larks drifting above, rooks flapping homeward, for it is towards five o'clock, until a great, gray pile lifts itself on the hilltop ahead, the old, scarred church of Ecouis, looming sombre and solitary over the merry fields, its little village tucked at its feet. Across the turf from the south portal is your *cabaret*—yellow stone clambered over by yellow roses; a pleasant tap-room with a porcelain stove; a shy girl among the brilliant brasses and nests of shining pewters, who murmurs that there is little they can give *monsieur et madame,* little knowing that herself, and the spotless inn, and the old, gray church of 1313 beyond the roadway, are themselves much!

HENRY S. CANBY.

Decline of the Fascist State

TWILIGHT OF THE GLADIATORS: Italy from the Inside 1939-1943. By Frank Heller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 146 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

IN October, 1939, when people were beginning to call World War II the "phony war," the well-known Swedish journalist Frank Heller left Germany for a winter in "the wonderful Italian sun." The Maginot Line was still the hope of France, and Italy had not yet made the gambler's plunge into the struggle. When these things came to pass, the Scandinavian sun-lover was still in the land whose spiritual and sensual enchantments "enthralled" him. He did not leave Italy, as a matter of fact, until the eve of Mussolini's fall. What he observed as the Fascist State stumbled into its twilight he chronicles in this supple and more than a shade nostalgic book, smoothly translated by Llewellyn Jones.

—*Scott in* The Portland Oregonian.
"I exercise the functions of the New State!"

Though Mr. Heller had an inside view, he has little inside information. But he gives fresh first-hand corroboration of many a fact familiar to United States readers: Italy's complete unreadiness for a long war, or for any war; the Duce's colossal mistake in believing Germany invincible; the Italian people's great expectations of easy victory and rich loot, then great disillusionment over tightened belts and the swift march of the war to their doorstep. Still, when Mussolini's resignation came, it was a shock to the Swedish journalist: "I had no suspicion of what was coming." Nor did the majority of Italians. So far as Mr. Heller could see, they were still fairly well dressed and fed. With a bit of wonderment he records how he saw bathing at Ostia and boating on the Tiber a fortnight before Badoglio took over.

Mr. Heller takes pains to make clear his aversion to fascism and his disapproval of its excesses. But he does not see it all black or all white. He rather feels sorry for Mussolini, who "had a real disposition to greatness and was not far from realizing it." The Duce, he says, lost contact with reality, and thereby had his fall.

In chitchat with a well-to-do Italian woman, the journalist remarked: "In any event fascism has one thing to its credit: it prevented communism from taking over." The early blackshirt march, he finds, was one of "glorious youth and courage" against the machinations of sinister "men with marked profiles" who came from "Eastern Europe." He sees "beautiful" nobility in Italian sympathy for little Finland against big Russia; he sees no irony in the fact that these same Italians picked on Ethiopia, Albania, and Greece.

Mr. Heller seems to be tight in the grip of the traditional Swedish antipathy to Russia, a national foe of ancient standing. But it is difficult to understand his thinly veiled contempt for parliamentary democracy. At one point he hints that democracy may be all right for northern lands (presumably like Sweden), but he is certain it is no go in southern Europe. The "parliamentary system" of the French Third Republic he brands as utterly corrupt—it had "no reason to crow" over the "non-parliamentary system" of the Italian Fascist State. This sounds like the sentiment lavished on Mussolini in the twenties: he makes the trains go on time, etc.

Mr. Heller continues: "In theory I have always been friendly to enlightened despotism, but I have been quite aware of the great difficulty of finding an enlightened despot." He indulges in an astonishing tirade against parliamentarianism: "What monstrosities of twaddle, of dirty deals, of corruption, and hypocrisy have not flourished under the protection of parliaments!" Mr. Heller finds not a creditable thing to say for the institution. He has strong doubts whether parliamentarianism is the wise way out for suffering Italy. It may be too weak—as it was before 1922, when the blackshirts saved the country from the "Red baronies" along the Po. Above all, Mr. Heller fears lest fascism be succeeded by "bolshevism with seven evil spirits worse."

Do many Swedes think this way?

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THE COLUMBIAN SPIRIT

TREMENDOUS discoveries, with a capital D, are being made these days. The particular discoveries we are talking about here concern differences—differences separating the various peoples of the world from each other. It seems that opponents of a closely knit world organization have discovered, *mirabile dictu,* that different nations are made up of different peoples! So long as these differences exist, the argument runs, there is no point in talking about leagues of associations or anything of the kind.

This, of course, is the metamorphosis of the isolationists into club-chair Magellans and parlor Vikings whose new strategy is to pass themselves off as seasoned and sophisticated old travelers and world observers who have been there and back and who can tell you with a wave of the hand and a kind smile that all this dad-fangled talk about world associations is just twaddle that one would think we outgrew long ago.

They are pleasant enough about it all, because they have to be patient about the general lack of knowledge in America concerning what the rest of the world is like. And there is a fatherly look in the eye as they serve up some warmed over information yielded up by pre-war Baedekers and encyclopedias, with perhaps a bound volume or two of the *National Geographic* thrown in. The world is complex. This is the new party line of the last-stand isolationists, and it looks like a dud.

We learn, for example, that Moslems don't go to Church on Sundays, and that some of them wear clothing that looks suspiciously like a patched quilt. Another discovery is that in the interior of India they wear so few outer garments as would cause general consternation if Americans showed up that way at the weekly meeting of the Kiwanis. And then, of course, there are the Chinese and the Mongolians and the Siberians and the Javanese and the Malayans and the Filipinos and the Hottentots (the favorites) and the Rooshians and the Slavs and the Bulgars and the Magyars and the Croats and the Slovenes and the Greeks and the Poles and the Albanians and the Rumanians and, whew!—the Luxembourgians and the Lichtensteinians and Monacians, to say nothing of the Abyssinians and the Liberians, and did you know that in the heart of the Belgian Congo natives have been known to starve babies and steal old drums from their neighbors. All this doesn't even take into account a couple of other continents where the people are constantly flying at each other's throats and where you would do well to get them to stop long enough to exchange the time of day with you, much less get dressed up in fancy clothes so they can sit in a marble hall and write their names on the bottoms of treaties and hold up their end of world government. No, friends, things are not so simple in the world that you can erase these differences overnight.

As preposterous as this sounds, it is not nearly so preposterous as some of the statements actually being made today against world organization. What do you do with these discoverers, this *nouveau intelligence?* Do you answer their arguments with a straight face? Are you supposed to reply seriously that these fabulous differences they talk about are precisely why a world organization is critically necessary? That it is not in spite of these differences but because of them that peoples everywhere must at last find a higher sovereignty than the narrow ones which have given them long centuries of undiluted misery? That the physical conditions are present for the first time in history which not only make possible this higher sovereignty but indeed demand it? Do you quote Paine and Goethe and Tennyson and Milton and Whitman and Burke and Puffendorf? Or do you repay the condescension of the seclusionists in kind, perhaps with some tickets to a broadcast of the Quiz Kids, where at least they know a Hottentot from a Harvard professor.

N. C.

Death of the Deer

By Mary Newbold Williams

THE deer lept high into the sky
Into the faint white moon
Brown streak across the paling blue
Through firs and shimmering pines, over trailing ivy
The deer lept high
Across lakes, plains, up mountain sides
Free, beautiful,
Beautiful as the earth, the sky.
Into the sunset rose the sensitive body
Mindful of wind against nose and thigh
Up, up into another universe, a million stars
Limbs with pattern and design
Left no sound, no echo from the fallen twigs.
Compassionate head, up, up you leap
For the world is at your feet
No voice to stay you
Through thicket, past spring to road beneath
Thinking of the open fields beyond, you leap
High into the twilight
Loveliest of lovely things
Meeting screams and running feet
Meeting steel, cutting deep,
Caught in mid air
Swirled midst flying glass
Your body, fearful, bleeding,
Hits hard upon the road, at last
Glazed eyes to shy for tears
Stunned into silence,
Body quivering with fear, breathing hard and fast.
The sunset reddens on the leaves
Dripping to the grass beneath
And all about your silver hooves, and ruffled neck
The sun blood red lies bleeding for your wounds
Dying, fast fades the sun and faster still the fields beyond
The breeze is stayed and all the earth waits
In breathless silence
As in one great bound
Hooves beating wildly against the ground
Your slender head lifts
Towards sky, towards earth, a dying universe
Still, still you lay
Limp, alone, the framework of a mighty soul
Dissolving into night
No longer to feel the shade of trees
Nor pagan dance with moonbeams 'neath silver leaves.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Anniversary Issue

SIR: To one who has been a reader of the *SRL* from the beginning, as I have—and before that of the *Evening Post* supplement—this anniversary issue is tremendously interesting, and, it seems to me, a rather wonderful story of a wonderful accomplishment. The reprinted material takes me back, and it is gratifying to have it. I'm thinking of this anniversary issue as a sort of postgraduate course in recent American literature. Mightn't it be? I congratulate you.

MITCHELL BRONK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Your Twentieth Anniversary Issue was so good that the following notes seem almost too pedantic. Nevertheless. . .

1. American critics seem to have a very difficult time with the death date of Gerard Manley Hopkins. In his article on "Poetry's Last Twenty Years" in the Anniversary Issue, Mr. Benét gives the date as 1887. Several editions of Untermeyer's "Modern British Poets" give it as 1898; and, apparently following Untermeyer's error, the Van Dorens in their "American and British Literature since 1890," Mr. Cornelius Weygandt in "The Time of Yeats," and several other writers in separate articles, give the date 1898. As a matter of fact, Hopkins died June 8, 1889.

2. In the same article Mr. Benét says that Hardy's "Human Shows," "Far Fantasies" appeared in 1928. The correct date is 1925.

3. A few other inexact phrases occur in the same article. It is said that Edward Thomas "wrote his poems on furlough" from the British Army during the last war. But all standard biographies of Thomas say that he wrote many of his poems while he was with the Army, and sent them home in letters to his wife. It is said that A. E. Housman was "fourteen years younger" than Hopkins. But since Hopkins was born June 11, 1844, and Housman, March 26, 1859, the latter was much nearer fifteen years younger. It is said that Hardy's "Dynasts" was "completed" in 1908, though Mrs. Hardy records that the last part of it was completed in September, 1907, and mailed to the publisher at that time. It is true that the last part was not published until 1908. The spelling of Lescelles (for Lascelles) Abercrombie is doubtless a misprint.

GEORGE G. WILLIAMS.

The Rice Institute,
Houston, Texas.

SIR: Your twentieth anniversary number is an enlivening reminiscence. Some of the old hands at the game of reading and writing are likely to be dissatisfied because you could not find room to include all the authors they recall. A bit less repetition of the names of Dreiser, Dos Passos, Glasgow, Hemingway, Wolfe, and so on, might have left space, say, for Robert Nathan who contributed a score of notable novels to the period.

There is a picture of Freud but no mention of Horace M. Kallen, his pupil and foremost interpreter in this country, as well as an authority in other non-fiction fields. Manuel Komroff is ignored. There is a casual reference to "The Rise of American Civilization" and a suggestion that the Beards have been overrated. The current issue of *Time* displays greater literary discrimination than that contributor. And what is your grudge against Beard's pupil, Arthur M. Schlesinger?

Here we have praise to the face of Henry Seidel Canby and Bernard DeVoto, although the articles they offer seem hardly to merit the acclaim; they suffer by comparison with James T. Farrell's penetrating discussion, although Hollywood was his assignment. Is it possible that the editors of *The Saturday Review* are so soon spent?

SILAS BENT.

Old Greenwich, Conn.

SIR: *SRL's* Anniversary Issue—easily one of the most important and memorable single issues ever put out by any American periodical. I can't think of anything to surpass it in scholarship, readability, information, value.

HOWARD LIGHT.

San Francisco, Cal.

Soldiers Vote Bill

SIR: Three of my boys are in service overseas. I know I speak for them and for their millions of fellow soldiers and sailors when I thank you for your leading part in opening up the reading restrictions in the Soldiers Vote Act. Looking back now over the step-by-step events which led to the unanimous passage by Congress of the liberalizing amendment, I can see how importantly *The Saturday Review* figured in the entire fight. Your tact, good sense, and administrative handling of the problem entitle you to a Pulitzer Award for outstanding public service in journalism, even though you are a magazine and not a newspaper. But whether you get this recognition or not, you can have the satisfaction of making a really vital contribution to the welfare of our fighting men.

T. ELLISON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Hey, fellas, how 'bout lettin' me use the lie detector?"

Salutary Laughter

SIR: I feel that I owe it to you to tell you how much pleasure David Cohn's Strictly Personal on Roark Bradford gave me. And where are the decibels to measure the amount of good those laughs are doing in times like these?

M. D. B.

Wilmington, Dela.

From the Editors

DEAR READER: Three weeks ago, in our anniversary issue, we published what we thought and hoped was the complete list of *SRL* contributors since the magazine began in 1924. We have since discovered the careless omission of at least four names—Miriam Allen DeFord, John Gould Fletcher, Fletcher Pratt, and John T. Winterich—all of them very close to the magazine. The fact that the list consisted of more than 4,000 names does not in any way mitigate the size of the error. Our apologies to the missing parties, including those not yet brought to our attention.

THE EDITORS.

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NOTES FROM Chapel Hill

IF UNIVERSITY PRESSES exist for anything (and there are two schools of thought on this), we suppose it must be to promote learning. There are, however, certain kinds of learning which seem to us of a most suspicious character and which we hope we will never promote. We refer to the kind of "learning" Senator Henry Cabot Lodge did in the months between April, 1916, and January, 1917.

On April 27, 1916 — speaking to the First National Assembly of the League to Enforce Peace presided over by William Howard Taft, on a platform from which President Wilson also spoke — Senator Lodge said:

> The limit of voluntary arbitration has, I think, been reached. . . . I think the next step is that which this League proposes and that is to put force behind international peace, an international league or agreement, or tribunal, for peace. We may not solve it in that way, but if we cannot solve it in that way it can be solved in no other. . . .

What happened to Lodge to make him change? Here is his own explanation: ". . . without the ability of men to learn and take up new views, the world would stagnate because every advance in any realm of thought or activity necessarily involves some inconsistency with the past." Exactly what it was Senator Lodge had learned he never said.

If any "learning" is embodied in the final statement made by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in 1919 under Lodge's leadership, then we are utterly opposed to learning: "The other nations will take us on our own terms, for without us their league is a wreck and all their gains from a victorious peace are imperilled." *The other nations will take us on our own terms. . . .* Have words ever epitomized more completely the utmost in arrogance, ignorance, and complacence? They obviously would never have been written if there had been any realization of how terribly, bitterly true the last part would prove to be.

We do not understand how an author can write about people like Lodge and not use extreme language. Yet without once raising his voice, Ruhl J. Bartlett in *The League to Enforce Peace* ($2.50) tells the story of the most costly political shenanigans the world has ever seen. When he finishes, the reader knows one of the reasons why this country is now in a second world war — and what will have to be done to prevent a third one.

The University of North Carolina Press

TRADE Winds

MAX SCHUSTER submits the following definitions for a Publishers' Dictionary. Further contributions will be welcomed.

AUTHOR, a literary idol with feet of clay—and head to match.

EXECUTIVE, one who doesn't go out himself, but sends his secretary, for the bicarbonate of soda.

PRESTIGE BOOK (trade term), succès de fiasco. See also FLOP D'ESTIME.

PUBLICATION DATE, base period from which postponements begin.

TWO-BOOK OPTION (trade term), the assurance which an agent gives that he will not take the author's second book to another publisher without saying "sorry." . . .

A NEW, Gold Label edition of Vincent Starrett's "Case Book of Jimmie Lavender" calls to mind the fact that this is the only fictional sleuth who was ever named after a big-league baseball pitcher. Lavender spun his curves for the old Chicago Cubs, and won his place in baseball's hall of fame by snapping "Rube" Marquard's record-breaking streak of consecutive victories at the nineteen mark. The score was 4-2, and if *Joe Williams, of the World Telegram,* can find anything wrong with these statistics, I'll blow him to a copy of Starrett's book. . . .

"COUNTERPOINTS" reports a freshman theme that included this passage: "The flowerclad porch of the cottage was fragrant and charming with twisting wistaria and climbing concubines." . . . The same dissertation contained "No sound could be heard above the howling of the winds except the roar of the sailors working on the wenches." . . . That freshman has a future in literature.

Irene Rakosky, who has a good reason for being on this page.

REX STOUT, CREATOR of Nero Wolfe, and bewhiskered spearhead of the Writer's War Board, was a passenger aboard a crowded Madison Avenue bus one day last week. An aggressive little man battled his way to Stout's side, and, unable to reach a strap, forthwith clutched a strand of the author's beard in a grip of iron. Stout spluttered indignantly for a full block, and then, in a tone of voice previously reserved exclusively for Dorothy Thompson, demanded, "Will you kindly take your paws away from my beard?" "What's the matter, mister?" said the little man. "Getting off?" . . .

MAJOR GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM has bobbed up in Western China as intelligence officer for a Superfortress group which has been pounding Japan. Putnam, over fifty, declared that with one exception every man in his command was young enough to be his son, and added, "The sprouts keep an old bookman like me on my toes." If Warner Brothers were running this war, one of Putnam's superbombers would make a landing on an uncharted Pacific islet, and discover his lost wife, Amelia Earhart, alive and well, and ready for fresh conquests. Many aviators cling to the belief that she is still living, and will be found before the war is over. . . . W. W. Norton, chairman of the Council on Books in Wartime and an expert on packaging, has assured full attendance at board meetings by selecting a potential Hollywood starlet as recording secretary. Her name is Irene Rakosky, and Gene Armfield, art editor of *Publishers' Weekly,* has included her picture in every issue since January 10. The least Trade Winds can do is run it once.

A. J. CRONIN'S new novel, "The Green Years," which Little, Brown will publish November 13, has the religious overtones which seem to insure best-sellerdom these days. The first printing will be "at least 100,000 copies." . . . The same publisher has another sure bet in the manuscript of a new Captain Hornblower novel, just completed by C. S. Forrester. . . . Year in and year out, the firm of Little, Brown sponsors an unending stream of hugely successful books. Chief credit goes to its president, Alfred McIntyre, a modest gentleman whose name seldom appears in Broadway columns, but who is recognized by the entire book-

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"You know, Mortimer, I could be very happy if it weren't for this war."

trade as one of the most brilliant and dependable figures in the industry. . . . Laurence Stallings has written a new play about the Marines called "The Streets Are Guarded." He hit the jackpot in the last war with a smash play hit ("What Price Glory?"), a famous movie ("The Big Parade"), and a successful novel ("Plumes"). Later he conducted in the morning *World* one of the most influential book review columns that ever ran in our town. . . . Winston Churchill told an American correspondent that he reads Macaulay's Essay on Frederick the Great "once a fortnight without fail." He says it contains lessons of immense value in diplomacy, and is "the sternest possible warning against easy theories of automatic Nazi collapse." . . .

BELLE ROSENBAUM, of the *New York Herald Tribune Books,* is writing a long-needed dissertation on the "hate" critics—those learned Shakespearean scholars and devotees of "Finnegans Wake" who insist on writing reviews of light novels and diversions of the moment that they obviously cannot tolerate. It was bad enough when their patronizing and humorless soporifics appeared exclusively in journals whose literary sections long ago expired of dry rot. Lately, however, they have been filtering into posts where they can do real damage. Miss Rosenbaum says she will name names. . . . Ted Weeks, editor of *The Atlantic,* invited Margaret Halsey to contribute a piece in her "With Malice Toward Some" vein. She replied: "Dear, Dear Mr. Weeks: I haven't anything to contribute to *The Atlantic,* but I sleep with your letter under my pillow." . . . Robert Considine's wife and her father were strolling in Central Park recently, when the old man spotted a stalwart youngster a few feet ahead, sprawled out on a bench, deeply engrossed in a book. "Look at that young rascal," he grumbled angrily, "out of uniform, wasting good working hours over a book!" As they passed the youth, the father glanced at the title of the book. "Thirty Seconds Over Toyko," it read, "By Ted Lawson and Robert Considine." The old man said nothing for several moments. Then he turned to his daughter. "You know," he hazarded, "I'll bet that poor boy has heart trouble!" . . .

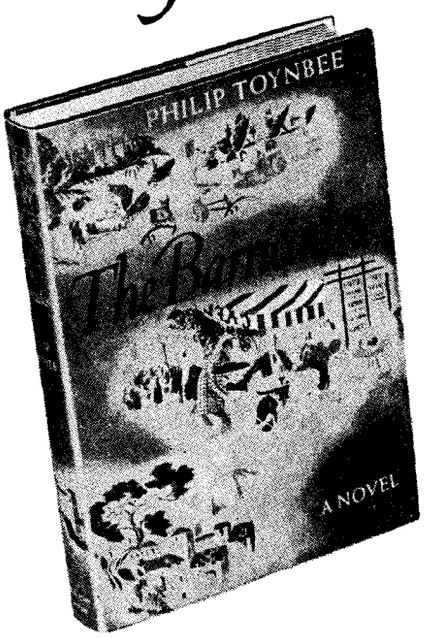
R. KOLVOORD, at the Old Settler Bookshop, Walpole, N. H., has prepared a comprehensive list of books on New Hampshire and Vermont. Ask for List No. 55. . . . A sign in an Atlantic City bookstore reads "Take home a copy of Maugham's 'The Razor's Itch.'" A customer pointed out the error, saying "Hasn't anybody discovered it before me?" "Oh, yes," said the bookseller contentedly, "Lots of people have mentioned it, but whenever they drop in to tell me, they always buy something!" . . . George Jessel reports that his house is so old it has armored mice. . . . Ed Sullivan tells about an Army caterpillar who wrote home, "Dear Ma: Congratulate me. Tomorrow I get my wings." . . . "What this continent needs," trumpets the Vancouver Bookshop, "is a good five-cent illustrated sex book." . . .

THERE WAS a total eclipse of the sun in 1932, and a newsreel company sent two expeditions to South America to get authentic pictures of it. Bad weather prevented their getting any shots worth exhibiting. The company had to have a release, however, and put the problem to its technical expert. "I'll manufacture a picture of an eclipse for you right in my laboratory," he promised, and he was as good as his word. There was one flaw. When the picture was run off, the word "MAZDA" appeared on the face of the sun.

BENNETT CERF.

A FINE NOVEL BY
ONE OF THE MOST
IMPORTANT
OF THE YOUNGER
ENGLISH NOVELISTS—

Philip Toynbee



"*The Barricades* is an unusual, sometimes brilliant . . . novel by a 28-year-old Englishman who shows perhaps as much promise of substantial achievement as any of his contemporaries. Its not inconsiderable merit rests chiefly in the writing. At his best, Toynbee writes with sureness, a keen sense of irony, and a flair for terse description. He is on his way to possessing an accomplished and distinctive style."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

THE
Barricades

At your bookseller's $2.50
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Men Who Write the News

THEY WERE THERE. Edited by Curt Riess. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 670 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THE 164 foreign correspondents and writers, assembled in this book, were all eyewitnesses when history was being made. They were in Berlin during the Reichstag fire and the blood purge, and in Vienna when Chancellor Dollfuss was assassinated. They were in Moscow during the trial of the Trotzkyists, in Madrid during the bombardment, in Addis Ababa when Badoglio entered the city. They watched Hitler's legions marching into Austria and raping Czechoslovakia. They were present when Chamberlain met Hitler at Berchtesgaden and Mussolini at Munich. And then came war. And again these men, trained to become the best reporters in the world, were there: in Poland and France, in Greece and Yugoslavia, in Stalingrad and Sevastopol, in Chungking and Singapore and Bataan. They traveled with our convoys through the seas and with our flyers through the skies. They went ashore with our men in Africa and Italy, on Tarawa and Kiska.

What these men wrote to their newspapers or compiled in books has been scrutinized by Curt Riess, and the selections chosen make fascinating reading even for people who have read many of these stories before. For some of the best writings of foreign correspondents such as Knickerbocker, Fischer, Swing, Mowrer, Gunther, Shirer, Stowe, Reynolds, and Tolischus are part of this rich tapestry of breathtaking events along with some fine and really poetic stories from the pen of such prominent writers as John Hersey, Ira Wolfert, John Steinbeck, John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, Lillian Hellman, Kay Boyle, and Dorothy Thompson.

"This book," says the editor, "attempts to tell the history of our time, or part of it, in the words of those who saw it happen." This attempt succeeded beyond question. The editor also asserts that for the last twenty years "American foreign correspondents have gathered the most reliable information." But not all of them succeeded. Did not Frederick T. Birchall write after the Munich Conference in 1938: "It seems that not only has the peril of immediate war been removed but the general atmosphere is being cleared for a much larger adjustment."

Are we as well informed as the editor says? Are we, in fact, "the best-informed country in the world?" Many of us are sometimes bewildered, if not confused, by such conflicting reports in our papers. This book is excellent reading material wherever you open it and for many days to come. However, if you want not only to be fascinated and entertained but to find the kind of history which will be written in ten years from now, you will have to choose your material. But even so, this book should have a place in every library as a deeply moving spiritual account of our days.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 62

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 62 will be found in the next issue.

ABCD EFGBDHCDI! JBDKBLKCM NBMO! KEP ABNCQFL JQRRCOL SEQ MBD KNBMO? LORJ-RQAO, BGTCKCQD, ODAP, UNCIO, KEOCN UGUCNO CD QFN EOBNKL ICACIO.

—VQDBKEBD LSCJK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 61

THE VAGABOND, WHEN RICH, IS CALLED A TOURIST.

—PAUL RICHARD.

—THE SCOURGE OF CHRIST.

LOVE AND SCENERY FOR THE MILLIONS

(Continued from page 7)

some unimaginable meeting beyond the sun and the moon.

What more could Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer get, one might ask, for its hundred and twenty-five thousand? The book illustrates in romantic language that love can be eternal, that renunciation is good for the soul, that only in losing everything can you find anything; or, to quote again, "When the gates of fairyland had clanged shut behind her in her childhood, she did not know that they would open again when she was old." For the ambitious it offers some final satisfaction for their effort, for the forlorn the opening of the gates of heaven, for the mismated and unhappy man and woman, love and security at long last. In this book there is a pot of gold at the foot of everyone's rainbow. There are costumes, scenery, and action galore; storms at sea, Victorian ladies lacing their corsets with the aid of a bedpost, picturesque island fetes, New Zealand forests and sunsets, wild natives and cannibals, sheep herders, nunnery rooms "like the inside of a seashell," a fairy-tale Chinese city, ancient and beautiful houses. It calls for technicolor on the screen and will doubtless get it.

But the movies will have the advantage of having to cut all this emotional foliage and scenery to a script

lasting only two hours and a half. As a book it suffers from its unnecessary length, though its readers may love every word of it. It is over-luxuriant of fine phrases, like a tropical plant that produces too many perfumed flowers. Many of the characters are taken right out of the stock of any theatrical costumer. With the exception of her beloved Channel island, about which she has written so many novels and stories, Miss Goudge has given a quality of unreality to most of her scenes, as if she had written them in a dream. She has never visited New Zealand and yet here are savages and a massacre, sheep farms, primitive settlements, and lusty cities. She has doubtless never sailed the seas in a clipper ship, yet she produces storms and calms at sea with great versatility. The reader feels that if she wanted to place her heroine on a glacier in Greenland or a peak of Darien she would do so promptly, at great length, and with poetic verisimilitude. You are in doubt whether to admire her industry more than her descriptive talent, or her ability to strike every gamut of the emotional scale over and over, and yet keep the reader interested in what the final orchestration will be like. A judicious pruning of her most exuberant passages would have aided the book, but, nevertheless, the reader can only view this newest contender for best-selling honors with awe and respect, and wish it as many scores of thousands of readers as it can find, and finally as many breathless and emotionally damp audiences as the producer can draw into the movie theaters. Another whirlwind has struck the literary world. We can only hope that the enormous prize it has won will not induce its promoters to call it the greatest novel of the day.

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"This unique anthology offers a superbly comprehensive picture of Latin America. No book like it has ever been published anywhere."

Germán Arciniegas

has crowded into his forty-four years a distinguished career in several fields. A native of Bogotá, he has been editor of several important periodicals, director of a Colombian publishing house, Colombian Vice-Consul in London, Counsellor of the Embassy in Buenos Aires, Representative in Congress and Minister of Education, and Professor of Sociology. He has taught in this country at Columbia, the University of Chicago, the University of Montana and Mills College. He has written many articles and is the author of five books, the most recent, GERMANS IN THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA, having been published here last year.

THE GREEN CONTINENT

Latin America As Viewed by Its Leading Writers

Selected and Edited by

GERMÁN ARCINIEGAS

Translated by HARRIET DE ONÍS and Others

Arciniegas contributes 75 pages of text as well as brief biographies of the 33 contributors. Twelve countries are represented, as follows:

ARGENTINA	MEXICO	VENEZUELA	GUATEMALA
BRAZIL	COLOMBIA	BOLIVIA	URUGUAY
CHILE	PERU	PARAGUAY	CUBA

The result is a teeming pageant of mountain, jungle and plain, of aristocrat and peon, of fiery revolutionaries and distinguished scholars, of bloody dictators and of the simple, everyday folk who comprise the vast bulk of the people.

This Outline of the Contents indicates the enormous scope of the book.

(Arciniegas introduces each chapter and contributes a short essay on the subject and author.)

Introduction: Our Little Big World

Part I: LANDSCAPE AND MAN

The Pampas *by Domingo F. Sarmiento.*
The Jungle *by José Eustasio Rivera.*
The Uplands *by Ciro Alegría.*
The Land of Brazil *by Graça Aranha.*
The Valley of Mexico *by Gabriela Mistral.*
The Mountains *by Flavio Herrera.*
The Caribbean Sea *by G. Castañeda Aragón.*
The Lakes of the South *by Victoria Ocampo.*
The Oceans of Chile *by Mariano Latorre.*
Our Rivers *by José Vasconcelos.*

Part II: THE MARCH OF TIME

16th Century: The Conquest *by Benjamín Carrión.*
17th Century: The Colony *by Juan de Meléndez.*
18th Century: The Revolution. *From various contemporary reports.*
19th Century: Anarchy and Dictatorship *by Alcides Arguedas.*
20th Century: America Today and Tomorrow *by Alfonso Reyes and Sanin Cano.*

Part III: BRONZES AND MARBLES

Simón Bolívar *by Jules Macini.*
José de San Martín *by Ricardo Rojas.*
Dom Pedro *by Heitor Lyra.*
Francisco Miranda *by José Nucete-Sardi.*
José Martí *by Jorge Mañach.*
Domingo Faustino Sarmiento *by Leopoldo Lugones.*
Juan Montalvo *by José Enrique Rodó.*

Part IV: THE CITIES

Rio de Janeiro *by Erico Verissimo.*
Buenos Aires *by Julio Rinaldini.*
The City of Mexico *by Genaro Estrada.*
Lima *by Raúl Porras Barrenechea.*
Cartagena *by Armando Solano.*

Part V: THE COLOR OF LIFE

The Sertões *by Euclydes da Cunha.*
Indian and White Man *by Juan Marín.*
The Negro *by Rómulo Gallegos.*
The Chaco War *by Augusto Céspedes.*
The Guarany World *by Juan E. O'Leary.*
The Guerillero *by Martín Luis Guzmán.*

WHO'S WHO IN THIS BOOK.

THE GREEN CONTINENT
is a handsome volume of 550 pages designed by W. A. Dwiggins. $3.50

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

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Men at War

VALLEY OF THE SKY. By Hobert Douglas Skidmore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 169 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS comes under the heading of good news from the front. It is good enough to have made John Dos Passos weep with joy, as we learn upon the dust cover, and the reason is plain. Mr. Dos Passos came out of the last war with a novel in which he told us that war had crushed the idealism, the love, the humanity out of men. And there have already been books about this war to the same effect—I am thinking particularly of a vivid and devastating story that appeared about half a year ago, "Shore Leave," by Frederick Wakeman. Mr. Wakeman, too, said that our men would come back to us with their hearts cut away, indifferent at the very least to the people left behind, and forever joined by a ghastly umbilical to the beautiful mechanisms of death. No wonder then that Mr. Dos Passos is overjoyed, as are we, to hear another, different report, from a man at the front.

Mr. Skidmore's story studies the crew of a heavy bomber on a mission in the Pacific. He studies them separately, in the familiar flashback biographical manner, and together as a fighting team. It is done very effectively in the simplest of terms: the talk of the men, the things they do, the things they think about, the sudden demanding intrusion of violent action, the interrelation of men and machine. But note the accent here. It is not the machine that infuses the men with its surrealist ferocity. It is the men who infuse the machine with their human love. The *Harpie* is the instrument of their hopes and desires, and what these are becomes clear as we learn to know the men. Their names and places do not matter very much—Story, Lawler, Poniatowski, Kristenson, Watts, the rest, from Ohio, New Jersey, California, Tennessee. Each of them carries with him a burden of yearning almost greater than he can bear, and in the bearing each does become a little greater. We see the images of their remembered lives, the homeplace, the parents, the beloved woman, the instants of tenderness or hope or content that hover transfixed about them as they sit before the instrument board or over the guns. They know these things more keenly than they have ever known them at home, and they want them again more than they want anything else.

It is this pattern of memory they have together. They hate the enemy who would keep them from ever living in it again, who blots men out of it, at their very sides. They love the *Harpie* because it is the joint symbol of their conscious love and conscious hatred. Whatever these men are, they are not the soulless automata of war. They are men filled with emotion, joined to their homefolk by a hundred strands, and engaged in a desperate, tortuous journey back to them.

It is strange that we should be so glad to learn what we ought to have surmised. It is true that the specter of a nation divided (as Mr. Wakeman said) into those who had been in the war and those who had not, was a frightening one. What could they say to each other? How understand? Here at last is the kind of reassurance that counts, from a man who is in and tells us not to fear.

—*Marcus Blechman*

Hobert Skidmore

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Coleridge, in "The Ancient Mariner."
2. Daniel Defoe, in "Robinson Crusoe."
3. O. Henry, in "The Gift of the Magi."
4. William Cullen Bryant, in "Ode to a Waterfowl."
5. Jules Verne, in "Around the World in Eighty Days."
6. Oliver Goldsmith, in "The Deserted Village."
7. Shakespeare, in "Julius Caesar."
8. Thomas Moore, in "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."
9. Rudyard Kipling, in "Mandalay."
10. Mark Twain, in "A Double Barreled Detective Story."

Ingenious Detection

SLEUTHING IN THE STACKS. By Rudolph Altrocchi. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1944. 280 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

IN the seven essays that compose "Sleuthing in the Stacks," Dr. Altrocchi has indulged in an implacable hunt for literary provenience. Selecting a play or story, he traces its plot through the ages, around the globe, listing the authors who have appropriated it, and the additions or subtractions that have been made. His method of examination is so microscopic that one wonders whether it was not inspired by memories of that standby of French education, the *Explication de Texte,* in which a page in a book is selected for a pupil to explain its meaning, its historical implications, the syntax of each sentence, and even descant on the author and his times.

His investigation of "The Ancestors of Tarzan" is typical. Taking Edgar Rice Burrough's "hero" as a springboard, he traces the plot of "the bastard babe abandoned to the elements" (who was miraculously saved and suckled by some she-beast), through Kipling's "Mowgli," to the Renaissance story-teller, Granucci, thence to Moses in the Bulrushes, Romulus and Remus, innumerable instances in Greek mythology, and finally to the folk-tales of India. Dr. Altrocchi proves it is an indestructible plot that has seen service for more than three thousand years, and is today earning a fortune for the originator of "Tarzan."

If any further proof that "the history of plagiarism is the history of literature" were needed, it can be found in the essay wittily called "Where There's No Will, There's a Way." This is another microscopic investigation of the antecedents of that merry rogue, "Gianni Schicchi," who impersonates a dead man and makes a will bequeathing most of the property to himself. The author follows the tale to its font, an actual occurrence in Italy about 1250, and gives an incongruous list of writers who have used the plot from Dante to Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The book is full of unlimited scholarly research, and an acute reasoning worthy of Dr. Holmes. It is often very interesting in its breadth of learning with its varied and recondite facts, and it is sometimes amusing. But it lacks directness and simplicity in the telling, and would have benefited immeasurably by the omission of repetitious details.

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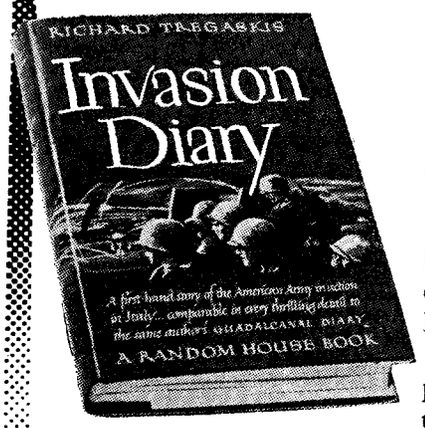
Another smash hit
by the author of
Guadalcanal Diary

Invasion Diary

By RICHARD TREGASKIS


RICHARD TREGASKIS
Invasion Diary
A first hand story of the American Army in action in Italy... comparable in every thrilling detail to the same author's GUADALCANAL DIARY
A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

AN unforgettable story, straight and unadorned, of what Tregaskis saw and felt and shared with our fighting men as they raided Rome, stormed Sicily, invaded Salerno and took Naples. This day-by-day record brings home with startling impact the actual battle conditions under which the American doughboy won his first victory on the European mainland.

No other book reveals so vividly the physical and psychological reactions of the wounded. Here Tregaskis speaks from personal experience, since he received a severe head wound near Cassino.

His answer to the question, "Are the Germans tougher than the Japs?" sheds new light on our war against these Axis partners.

$2.75

Highlights

July 27, THE FIGHTING IN SICILY. "A shell or bullet gives no advance notice, and, when others near by are being struck down you have the jittery feeling that somewhere . . . an unseen enemy is preparing your personal destruction."

August 10, UNDER FIRE. "The only traces of the lorry were a few dented, charred scraps of metal. At one side of the road, part of the charred body of a British soldier lay, a grotesque parody of a human form sculptured in charcoal. On the other side the body of an enemy soldier sat doubled up, with knees clutched to chest. The whole face was frozen in a stare of terror."

November 21, THE LURE OF THE FRONT. "It is like an opiate. After abstinence and the tedium of workaday life, its attraction becomes more and more insistent. Perhaps the hazards of battle, perhaps the danger itself, stir the imagination and give transcendent meanings to things ordinarily taken for granted."

November 22, TREGASKIS WOUNDED. "I heard the scream of something coming . . . Then a smothering explosion descended around me . . . I sensed that I had been hit. A curtain of fire rose, hesitated, hovered for an infinite second. Then the curtain descended slowly. There was no pain. Everything seemed finished, quiet, as if time had stopped . . ."

RANDOM HOUSE
20 E. 57 ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

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The Rise of Modern Turkey

THE RISING CRESCENT. By Ernest Jackh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 278 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by KENDALL FOSS

ERNEST JACKH is a distinguished German. His life has been democracy; his love has been modern Turkey, a dramatic nation on which he means to shed some light. Choosing to remain outside of public office, he was able to argue for democracy with the Kaiser, to serve the infant Weimar Republic as a political adviser, to found and give sturdy life to Berlin's *Hochschule fuer Politik*, to found and head the German section of the League of Nations Union. He was likewise able to visit Turkey annually from 1908 to 1918, often as a personal representative of the then German Foreign Minister, Kiderlen-Waechter. When Hitler came to power, Dr. Jackh moved to London and became a British subject. The British Foreign Office sent him on special missions to his beloved Turkey from 1937 to 1940. Today, he is on the faculty of Columbia University, conducting a seminar on Near and Middle Eastern problems.

This unique background should yield a valuable book. Unfortunately, "The Rising Crescent" misses the mark. Love plays too big a part, for one thing: Dr. Jackh's love for big and little Turks who practically can do no wrong, at least no wrong that others have not frequently eclipsed. Further, the author suggests that his book is not to be regarded as a history nor a work of reference, and then turns round and includes numerous lengthy documents of no interest to any one but a historian. But the historian who seizes upon the texts of telegrams exchanged between the German Government and its Embassy in Constantinople on the eve of war in July 1914, and published here for the first time, comes next to an easy-steps-for-little-feet chapter on popular misconceptions concerning Turkish ways.

It turns out that the fez, finally abolished by Kemal Ataturk, was never really a Turkish invention at all; it had Judaeo-Christian origins. So, if it seems a funny thing to wear, don't laugh at the Turks. And don't laugh about polygamy and the harem, because the Turk is actually monogamous and the harem is only the women's quarters, where wife, mother, grandmother, and assorted female relatives spend their time. And above all, Dr. Jackh pleads, don't think of Turks as enthusiastic massacrers, because the Armenians killed as many Turks as Turks ever butchered Armenians. Love does strange things.

There are valuable sections in the book. The sketch (since Dr. Jackh denies that it is to be regarded as history) of the three Turkeys is useful to an understanding of the origins and character of modern Turkey. The medieval Ottoman Empire, in its time the largest in the world, spreading on to three continents, was a sprawling conglomeration of Turk, Arab, Egyptian, and Macedonian, bound together by the Moslem faith. It lasted six centuries, collapsing in 1908 before the determined push of the Young Turks with their faith in parliamentarism and the right of discussion. Dr. Jackh was in Izmir to witness the overturn.

For a decade the Young Turks debated the kind of Turkey—Empire or Nation—they wanted. In 1918 the debate was settled by Kemal Ataturk, himself a Young Turk, and the second revolution: Turkey was to be a compact, all-Turkish, modern republic. The story of this man's transformation of his country from medieval to modern is one of the most absorbing and least understood epics of the years between the wars. Internal reform was matched by wise adjustments in foreign relations until the half-western, half-eastern bridging Turkish nation of today became a respected member of the communities of Europe and the Middle East. If you would like to know more of this dramatic story, read this book.

But when you come to the outbreak of World War II, go slow. The role of Turkey in this war is at least debatable. It may not be quite as cynically unconcerned with the rise and spread of Nazism as many thoughtful watchers find it, but it certainly is not quite as glorious in its suppressed love of the Allied cause as its enamored biographer, the loving Dr. Jackh, asserts. The author's case for Turkey would have earned his mistress greater respect had he placed it squarely on a "plague on both your houses" basis in which Ataturk's nation, owing little gratitude either to the Versailles powers or the Germans, chose to take no part in Chapter II.

As Turkey dallies with the thought of coming in for coffee and liqueurs, a too protesting argument can cloud the issue.

A Mind That Was Cured

THE DARK GLASS. By Joan Charles. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 287 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

IN this first novel Joan Charles proves herself a writer of rare sensitiveness and subtlety. It is the story of Ann whose emotional life has gone hopelessly awry and of how she found an answer to her confusion and despair. We meet her first in one of those luxurious psychiatric hospitals provided for the rich for whom life has proved too difficult. These patients are not insane but they are psychically ill and while their recovery hangs in delicate balance they are probed by highly paid specialists and provided with the most up-to-date therapies. With her companions in confusion Ann spends her days in interviews with psychiatrists, occupational and other "therapies," recreation, and endless talk. But below her acute awareness of it all Ann's restless, searching mind hunts for the clue that will give meaning to her failure in the past, for a formula to guide her future.

She tries retrospection and calls to the fore memories long buried, memories evoked sometimes by a chance question from a doctor, sometimes by the casual word of a fellow patient, sometimes deliberately recalled during sleepless nights. Gradually these scattered events fall into place like pieces in a jig-saw puzzle and the reason for Ann's confusion becomes clear. The intellectual parents, the lonely, frightened childhood and adolescence, and Robin, the brilliant, erratic dilettante whom she loved so passionately and whom she could not save from himself; the wreckage of their marriage after five mad years of ecstasy and despair.

At the end of three months Ann is transferred to a state hospital. There is no luxury here, no coddling, not even the privacy and dignity she has accepted as inevitable. But it is here that Ann finds the answer she has looked for, and from here she goes out into the world again with a new kind of courage and a new understanding of herself and of love.

It is impossible in a brief review to give more than a suggestion of the quality of this unusual novel. It requires no little skill to make the explorations of a mind, fine but temporarily off-key, as exciting as a detective story. But even more impressive are the author's subtle insight into her characters, the flashes of wisdom, and the charm of her prose. Joan Charles is a name to remember.

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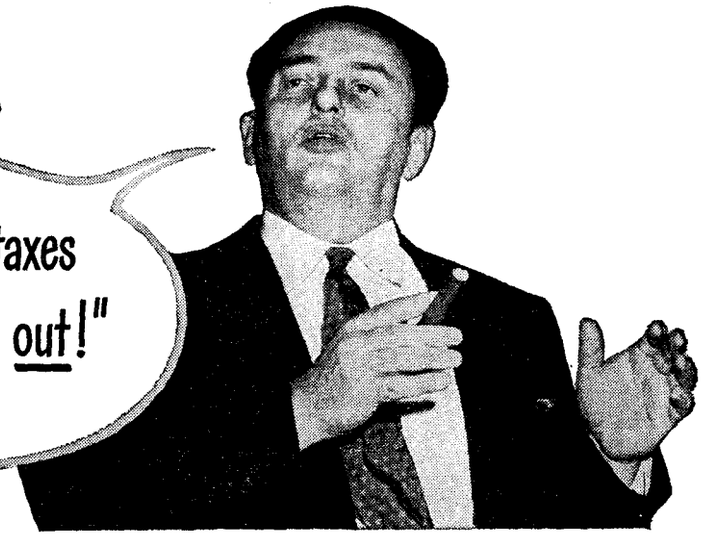
MAN BITES DOG!

"Cut down on corporation taxes after the war? I'd cut 'em out!"

—LEON HENDERSON



. . . before the Executives' Club of Chicago

Not reduced, mind you. Not even "pared way down"—*eliminated!*

Yes—when an Old New Dealer from way back tells the world that corporation taxes ought soon to be cut out altogether—that's news!

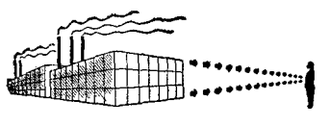
Beardsley Ruml (of Ruml Plan fame) has made the front pages again with a similar proposal—and many Administration leaders agree. Right after the war, they say, we must cut industry's tax load to the quick—*quick*—if we really want postwar expansion, postwar prosperity, postwar *jobs!*

Well, then—what's holding the thing up? If business and government just about agree, whom is the argument with?

A large part of the argument, sir, is with —YOU.

Or perhaps we should say, with most of the rest of us.

For most of the people don't realize how corporation taxes influence our whole economy—the jobs we can get, the pay we earn, the prices we pay. And until we do understand, our representatives in Congress probably won't act.



The people see corporations making big profits and say, "So let them pay big taxes. I do and they can, too!" That sounds fair enough—but what are those big corporation taxes doing to *your* chances of getting ahead?

For Here is the Big Question . . .

In the face of heavy taxation, does business have enough incentive to invest and expand —to create new jobs, start new ventures, take real risks (for all new businesses are risks)?

Today, business earnings are taxed twice. First the Federal Government takes up to 85.5% of the profits through corporation taxes; then it takes up to 94% of what is left in individual income taxes on the dividends. In many cases the most a successful man can hope to keep for himself out of the earnings of a successful venture is about $2.00 out of each $100.00 of profit—with the government taking the other $98.00.

Is that enough? Would *you* bet $100.00 at even money to win $2.00? You certainly wouldn't.

If you figure that way on your own money, you can be sure that any man who has to invest a lot of his own and other people's money will feel and act the same way. And so our corporation taxes create a real danger that after the war business will just play safe with its money, instead of starting the new enterprises that will give people good jobs and make the country hum with peacetime activity.

Your future may well depend on how this tax question is handled. But are you thinking about it? . . . pointing out to people you see every day that if we really believe in the private-enterprise system we've got to keep it rolling?

And have you thought about questions like these:

What percentage of our national income do you want used to buy government services that must be paid for by taxes?

Do you want the government to collect extra taxes to try to keep the economy on an even keel—to prevent unhealthy booms and resultant depressions? Are you in favor of taxes made especially low in certain industries or types of enterprise for whose products or services the nation has a special need?

On the other hand, the man in the street asks:

"To maintain world leadership and help keep the peace, our postwar budget has to be large—and if the present taxes on business are lightened, whose taxes are to be made heavier?

"Once corporation taxes are reduced, how do I know business won't use too much of its bigger profits to consolidate instead of to expand?"

Are you using your Mindpower to answer these questions? Are you *informed* enough to think straight about them?

For example, do you know what is suggested in the widely discussed new Ruml Tax Reform Plan? (You can find out by sending 25 cents to the National Planning Association, 184 East 64th Street, New York City, for a copy of **"Fiscal and Monetary Policy,"** by Beardsley Ruml and H. Christian Sonne.)

Have you read **"Fair Taxes Can Aid Tomorrow's Job Makers,"** by Eric Johnston, in *The Nation's Business* for April, 1944?—**"Inflation and Tax Policies,"** by Roswell Magill, *Academy of Political Science Proceedings*, January, 1944?—**"Possibilities of Postwar Inflation and Suggested Tax Action,"** by M. S. Eccles, *Federal Reserve Bulletin*, March, 1944?

How about seeing your book dealer, and getting a copy of that classic on economics, **"Progress and Poverty,"** by Henry George (95c, Modern Library, Inc.)?—or **"Production, Jobs and Taxes,"** by Harold M. Groves ($1.25, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Inc.)?

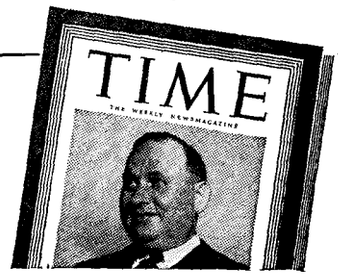
And remember—TIME will keep you up to date on all the new developments in this important (*personally* important) postwar debate.

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves *informed.* So, in advertisements like this, TIME is seeking to encourage wide thinking and reading not only of the newspapers and TIME, but also of books and periodicals that argue the cases and advance the causes that are in the news.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U.S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.

This is the fifth advertisement of a series appearing in 40 newspapers from coast to coast. Its purpose is to get more Americans thinking. For 22 years that has been the job the editors of TIME have been trying to do in their editorial space. Now TIME harnesses the force of advertising to the same objective—to prepare the home front for the greatest mental battle Americans have ever had to fight.



The weekly NEWSMAGAZINE

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FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

ADVENTURES IN SYMPHONIC MUSIC

by Edward Downes

DR. HUGO LEICHTENTRITT says: "In well chosen, eloquent words Edward Downes knows how to suggest the emotional appeal, the primary impressiveness of a great work of art. He has well understood the often neglected fact that a great work of music makes its first and most lasting impression through the ears, by its appeal to the soul, the emotions and imagination of the listener. . . . Young Mr. Downes is particularly well qualified. . . . His book is deserving of a wide and popular success." *Illustrated by J. O'H. Cosgrave II* $2.50

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in an
AMERICAN FUTURE
BUY WAR BONDS

Champion of Women

LIFE OF CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT. By Mary Gray Peck. New York: H. W. Wilson Co. 1944. 495 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DOROTHY STRAUS

THE women who now stray to the polls — or stay away — on Election Day, little realize how much sweat, how many tears of disappointment and rage, what keen strategy and dogged persistence have given them that casually accepted right. It took seventy-two years to get it and during the last thirty-three of them Carrie Chapman Catt led the unceasing campaigns that ended in victory. The world-wide mass movement of women of which she has been the acknowledged and acclaimed leader, was more than a struggle to secure the suffrage. It was an effort to give women the status and dignity of recognized political, economic, and human rights. What was achieved, the war cannot wholly sweep away. Doctrinaire feminism may happily become extinct as the dodo, but so, we hope, will acceptance of the doctrine of sex inferiority. The world of tomorrow will need the brains as well as the reproductive capacities of its women.

Born on a farm in Wisconsin of pioneer stock, Carrie Clinton Lane spent her childhood on another farm in Iowa, developed by her father from "that rich prairie country in its virgin state." Whether it was her ancestry or the rarefied air of her environment, young Carrie soon gave evidence of a characteristic independence and energy that must have taxed the resourcefulness, if not the patience, of her family. She was fortunately encouraged to acquire not only the usual feminine household arts of that day but the more masculine academic accomplishments. In one early period she filled the house with rather unpleasant biological specimens collected as a preliminary to a medical career. At a later time she decided to become a lawyer. Meanwhile she taught to get herself through Iowa State College and was apparently so successful that when she had won her degree of Bachelor of Science, she was called to become the principal of a high school. Some three years later the young editor-owner of a local newspaper terminated that career after an intensive courtship of two weeks, and Carrie Lane became Leo Chapman's assistant editor as well as wife. It was shortly after her marriage that she first came in contact with the woman suffrage movement but it was not until after her husband's sudden death a year later that, one rainy night while wandering about the hills of San Francisco, "the aim of making women free, secure and respected in the world" was revealed to her as her life's purpose.

The biography Mary Gray Peck has written shows how competently, nay magnificently, Mrs. Catt (she later remarried) has carried out this purpose. Starting with a local group in 1887, she gradually widened her sphere of activitiy and influence until she led the National American Woman's Suffrage Association to its final goal, the adoption and ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution in 1920.

That achieved, she conceived and started the National League of Women Voters. Meanwhile she found the time and energy to travel abroad, once clear around the globe, and to bring to life the first Pan-American Union of Women as well as the International Alliance for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship in which forty-five countries were represented in 1939.

From the "woman movement" it was but a short step to the "peace movement," and in the years between the wars she was the general directing the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War. Now at eighty-five, amid the roses and dahlias of her garden at New Rochelle, she receives visitors from all the corners of the earth and is looking forward to the next step with a clarity and astuteness that is the envy of her younger friends.

It is difficult to write the biography of a living person, especially of a friend. Miss Peck is to be congratulated on the well written, authoritative, and entertaining history she has evolved from a vast amount of documentary material and her own close association and knowledge. It is an important record for the instruction of those who accept unthinkingly and often unappreciatively the blessings that others have bestowed upon them. But no portrait is ever wholly satisfactory to those who know the sitter. So this reviewer may be permitted to regret that the author did not feel at liberty to make this book less the chronicle of a brilliant career and more the intimate story of one of the most colorful and significant personalities of our time.

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When War Came

THROUGH THE PERILOUS NIGHT. By Joe James Custer. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 243 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

SOME books move one to wonder about the ideological content of the minds of publishers' editors and their publicity people—and if the author himself is responsible for the mistakes surrounding this excellent and interesting book, the criticism still lies, for it was the publishers' business to restrain him. It has no index. It is titled with a quote from the national anthem, which has not only been overdone for this purpose in the last few years, but in the present case carries the definite implication that it's a book about night battle. A subtitle enriches and extends this by explaining that the book deals with "the *Astoria's* last battle," that disastrous affair off Savo Island on the second night of the Guadalcanal invasion. The publishers present it as the story of that mysterious action, on which everyone would willingly have more light.

Well, the reader who buys the book under the impression that this is what he is going to get will simply be stuck. This story of the *Astoria's* last fight contains less information about it than two paragraphs of Admiral King's report. It is a pity the book had to be put out that way, for the false presentation will undoubtedly cause a good many people to throw aside in disgust a work that is in its own right one of the best pieces of personal war reporting yet to appear.

What it really is, of course, is the story of Joe James Custer's eye. He opened that eye (and another like it) early on Pearl Harbor morning after a party when the phone rang, and he thought that the news the intimate was telling him was another gag by Orson Welles. Whether through total recall, a good diary, or quasi-fiction reproduction, he has eloquently recaptured the mood of the moment and of that other moment when something landed with a crash a hundred feet from his car.

He opened his eyes still wider during the raid out to Marcus aboard the *Enterprise* and one morning was startled to look across at the *Hornet* and see on her deck planes that had never been there before—the B-25's with which Jimmy Doolittle presently took off for the first bombing of Tokyo. Later it was destroyer work aboard the *Benham,* and then the long run down to the South Seas with the *Astoria,* how he got to know her, and preparations for the Guadalcanal landing. All this is told in good, swift-paced narrative and from a highly personal angle—the narrative of a competent reporter with an ear for good quotes, who knows a significant detail when he meets one, and who adopts the personal experience form to supply a unifying thread for a story that would otherwise be merely discursive.

Then comes the Guadalcanal operation—and Savo Island. He was asleep below; the general alarm brought him on deck just in time to see the *Vincennes* go to pieces, then the *Astoria* was hit all over and Custer himself got a splinter behind one eye.

A good book—probably a good deal better than the one the publishers have mendaciously offered.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 543)

NEWBOLT:
SACRAMENTUM SUPREMUM

. . . . . Our work is nought;
On the last trench the fate of all may rest.

Drink, to our fathers who begot us men,
To the dead voices that are never dumb;
Then to the land of all our loves, and then
To the long parting and the age to come!

You will relish

"Another Man's Poison"

a NEW department
of brilliant commentary
beginning in September

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The Phoenix Nest

THE rickshaman of China has become a much-sung patriot, because he recently donated fifty Chinese dollars (the equivalent of $2.50) to China's war chest at an "offer-gold-to-the-state" rally held in Chungking under the chairmanship of General Feng Yu-hsiang, a member of the National Military Council. To praise his patriotism, a Chinese poet named Ho Sheng wrote a verse which was published in the *Ta Kung Pao* (*L'impartial*) on June 18. I print a translation of the poem:

A worn, rimless straw hat,
A patched coat of moon white,
A back hunched with ricksha-pulling,
You rise every morning before daybreak.
When your hut I was by-passing,
I heard dried hard beans creak
As by the handful you crammed them between your teeth.
And under the eave of your dingy house,
Which a slight gale of wind would blow to bits,
On your junk of a ricksha you bent and labored without pause,
Until all the dirt was washed off on the wheels and body,
You were ready to pull it on the streets, dry or muddy.
Your wife, her son in her bosom, was watching, half joyful, half sighing.
To her son, thin like skeleton, she was saying,
"When can you help your Pa in ricksha pulling?"

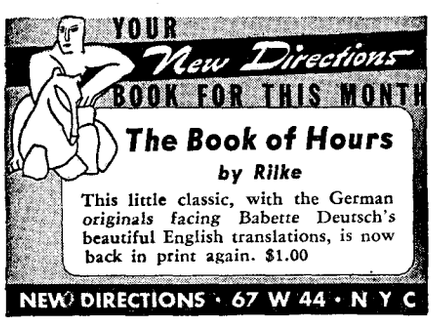
Today you look specially affable,
As your legs bony and sinewy,
Tread on the street and alley-ways.
Never do you heed whether your patron is comfortable.
Like a red maned horse you run.
"To the offer-gold-to-state rally?" you ask.
"Then you don't have to pay me," you add.
So for the love of the nation, you, too, do your task.
At the rally, attended by many a thousand
You stop to let your customer land,
You wipe the sweat off your face with the back of your hand,
Your patron puts a roll of bank-notes into the palm of your hand.
"No sir," you say, "please give them to the general,"
"To buy airplanes, big guns to drive out the invader."
You blush, but are proud that you, too, can be loyal.
Your patron mounts the platform by climbing a ladder.
And announces your name and throws into the audience a bomb
Of applause that makes air dumb.
Then he shouts that he does not want to put to shame.
Besides a hundred thousand dollars in cash payment
He promises to continue until Japan goes completely lame,
By contributing his salary each month in installments.

Sometimes, as my friend said, the heart is like lead. A very pretty young woman of the stage, who is a friend of mine, was recently travelling by day-coach from Boston to New York, and sitting in a crowded car beside her colored maid. She got up to go to the vestibule for a smoke; here, attracted by her good looks, three young Service Men struck up a conversation with her. One at least had just returned from the South Pacific, one was a sailor. Something was said to her, jeeringly, about "sitting by a nigger!" As her colored maid is a valued friend of her's, as well as a maid, she retorted promptly, "Your vocabulary is very limited. There is a name Negro for the Negro race. You should learn to use it." "Aw," was the rejoinder, "down in Texas they're all just niggers!" "I wish," said the young actress meditatively, "that there was a name like nigger, wop, kike, and all those, to denominate the *white* race. They must have some such name for us. Or they should." "Haw!" said one Service Man, "Don't get it?" said another. The third looked sullen. "Jews," he said, "*they're* kikes, ain't they?" The young woman by this time was thoroughly roused, and her disposition has never been noted for deficiency of adrenalin. "Why don't you," she shouted over the roaring of the wheels, "return those uniforms of yours to the costumer's? Or what do you think you have been fighting for?" She looked even prettier being angry; so that the boys just raised eyebrows, shrugged, indicated her insanity, and haw'd again. One said, "Huh, you're just one of those Yankee gals, hard as nails!" "Yes," said the actress, "Yes! I'm certainly no 'Yes honey—no honey'—or do they ever *say* 'No, honey?'—those southern gals of yours? And just what part of the deep South, by the way, do you men hail from?" That was the pay-off. One announced that his home was in the Middle West; one admitted to a place in New England. The last—he said, "Brooklyn!"

Intolerance and ignorance, to beat a *cliché* to death, are not matters of geography. I'm sure those boys were brave enough in battle. I'm sure in many ways they were a good sort of American. Nevertheless, the heart is sometimes like lead. The poison of our prejudice goes so deep!

I am glad to print the following letter from Katharine K. Strong of Vernon View, Savannah, Georgia, in the interest of our open forum on vital matters:

> The letter published by you July 22, from Evelyn M. Rutherford interests me, for it contains so many misconceptions about the South.
>
> May I state that I hold no brief for the poll tax. I believe, too, in the right of the Negro to equal opportunities with the white citizen to economic educational, and political justice. I deplore a single lynching in Georgia as I do race killings in Detroit, Chicago, or New York. And I regret the race discrimination now being shown in Philadelphia. It seems to me to be caused by the same spirit that doesn't allow a loyal Japanese to work in New Jersey, nor grant in California equal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The Book of Hours
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This little classic, with the German originals facing Babette Deutsch's beautiful English translations, is now back in print again. $1.00
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GENE KRUPA and His Sensational ORCHESTRA
"That Swings with Strings"
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right to the Chinese: the spirit that among ignorant people, objects to differences, and tries to debar from equal economic opportunities those who can live more cheaply.

What I object to in this letter is the lack of a knowledge of history, and an apparent wish to make the South the whipping boy for a Nation's faults.

The poll tax in Georgia is one dollar a year. I do not believe it would keep any one from voting who wished to vote. This poll tax was instituted at the end of the War Between the States to raise a fund for education. I hear no complaints from Massachusetts, with a much larger poll tax. I do not know what Mrs. Rutherford means when she says, "Their whole economy and educational systems are as retarding for the whites as for the blacks." I do not know what first hand study she has given to our schools. It has been my business to study the school systems of many states. I find them all backward in some respects. It may well be that both our economic and educational systems are behind —say, Ohio's. But I think she fails to understand that it is not just natural viciousness which makes us poorer than some other states.

The Confederate soldier came home to find his property gone. Houses had been burned, stock and cotton taken, fields unplanted. He often lost his land, for there was not only no money to pay labor, but none to pay taxes. He had no schools in which to educate his children. He knew what it was to live in an *occupied* land. The carpet baggers bought up that land and exploited the ignorant Negroes, who, occupying seats in the legislatures, looted the state treasuries. In my part of the South we live on kindly terms with those Negroes. We have lowered their one hundred per cent illiteracy to five per cent, without Federal aid. "The business of reconstruction which has lagged for eighty years" might be hastened if it were recognized that you cannot give equal educational opportunities without equal money.

Our "White, Democratic primary" permits all white men and women to vote in it. Since Republicans vote in them I think Negroes should too. If enough white Republicans vote in the primaries they may nominate their own candidates. And the Negroes vote in the elections. So it would seem that, as in Chicago, they hold the balance of power.

I agree that "the peace was lost after the war." But it was lost by the Nation, not won by the South. If Lincoln had lived, if the Congress had not made Johnson's efforts futile, if it had been recognized then, as it is by Constitutional historians now, that we were fighting for the same rights which New England twice claimed—the right to go in peace, there might have been generosity and clear vision, instead of the bitterness Mrs. Rutherford seems to feel.

The people of the South love the United States. Our sons are fighting for it now, as they did in 1898. It seems a pity that the other states do not recognize that we need help in trying to solve our problem.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review. 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

YOUNG MAN, excellent publishing background, proven ability, seeks book, magazine job, requiring versatility and ideas. Knows ropes of production, art, editorial, promotion. Box 19-K.

DASHING YOUNG BACHELOR, intelligent, versatile, fine tastes, who enjoys life of leisure in the abstract, invites feminine correspondence. Box 30-K.

GOING MEXICO in September. Will take care of your personal or business matters. Box 31-K.

PERSONABLE WOMAN, 35, with 12 years fine arts, executive and writing background, Middle West and New York, wants contemporary art promotion job where imagination and knowledge are required. Box 32-K.

YOUNG MAN, cultured, Amherst and Harvard, experienced literary and advertising fields, now employed in executive capacity at $300 monthly, seeks change. Box 991-J.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, New York Stater, thirtyish, full of the devil, interested in theatre and radio, desires correspondence with gentleman, thirtyish, fortyish, of similar interests. Box 51-K.

OLD-TIME post-postal card collection wanted. Dargue, Kittanning, Pa.

PERSONALS

I WANT TO WORK where there are trees. Just completed Master's Degree in English at Columbia, so can leave New York. Any teaching, tutoring, editorial work? Four years office, editorial experience. No stenography. My specialty is American literature. Box 33-K.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. No accommodations before September 6.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

GENTLEMAN, middle age, student many years philosophy, New Thought, metaphysics, psychic research. Loves nature, travel, country life. Desires correspondence, mental stimulation. Box 2-K.

AMERICAN SOCIETY for Psychical Research is beginning new long-distance experiments in telepathy (extra-sensory perception). Experimenters at headquarters will attempt to transmit impressions to receivers remaining at home. Four evening experiments, half hour each. Will you participate? Box 3-K.

LITERARY (and literate) translation from French, German, Russian, $1.25 per double-spaced page. Valentine Snow, 561 W. 141st Street, N. Y. C.

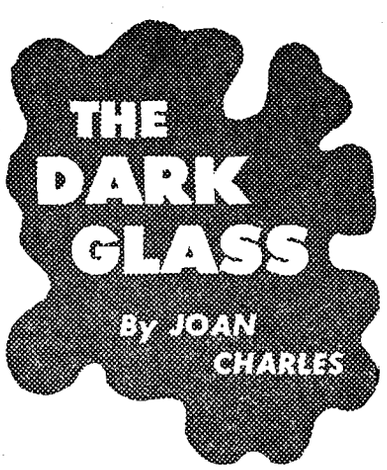
PLAYWRIGHT wants part-time research worker. No experience necessary, but state educational background. Write to Charles Raddock, 100 W. 58th St., N. Y. C.

HIGHLY EDUCATED EUROPEAN born U. S. Citizen, middle age, single, fine habits and even disposition, financially independent, wishes to hear from a refined California lady, under 50, similarly situated. Box 59-K.

WRITER, thirtyish, widely travelled, fond music, eating, and all good things, but stagnating East temporarily, would appreciate stimulating feminine correspondence. Box 60-K.

(*Continued on page* 26)

Subtle, devastating—and real



The novel of a young woman who found her way back to clarity and confidence out of the chaos of a broken marriage. This subtle exploration of a mind temporarily darkened and slowly restored will be read eagerly by all who treasure writing that goes beyond life's substance to capture its very spirit.

"The Dark Glass" holds claim to attention for its fluid, sensitive prose, and its searching characterization of a sick mind."

—Rose Feld, *Herald Tribune Book Review*

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 25*)

POSSESSING MORE GOOD TASTE than money, my wife and I need studio or one-bedroom apartment in Washington, D. C., about October first. Box 47-K.

YOUNG NEW YORK publisher, recently lost hearing, welcomes feminine correspondence. Box 48-K.

YOUNG WRITER, about ready to publish, wants part-time work for board and keep. Prefers country. Married, 2 good kids, girls. Box 49-K.

TYPING, prompt. 50 cents—thousand. 15 cents discount over 10,000. Cecilia Adams, 807 42nd, Des Moines, Iowa.

MIDDLE-AGED professional woman desires correspondents. Many interests. Box 50-K.

WANTED: Man or woman to assist in directing and teaching in established small tutoring school. Write Prew School, Sarasota, Florida.

MAY I HEAR from groups constructively fighting racial discrimination? Box 52-K.

BACHELOR, cultured, agreeable, traveled, seeks congenial dependable livelihood near New York or Los Angeles. Box 53-K.

THE ISLAND PRESS, first authors cooperative in America, wants to train a young sales manager to whom books mean more than just merchandise. Some experience and knowledge of accounting welcomed, but main requirements are creative ideas plus stick-to-it-iveness. Write to Island Workshop Press Coop. Inc., 470 West 24 Street, New York 11, N. Y.

NOEL COWARD ADMIRER, young, unaffected, back from the wars sooner than expected, encourages letters (wisdom and witticism), on Dostoievski, Dali, Dramatic Criticism. Box 34-K.

CONGENIAL YOUNG MAN desires correspondence about music, literature, and life. Box 35-K.

CONGENIAL FELLOW, thirtyish, accountant, invites mail from pleasant female in New York State, who agrees with Confucius—"too much books end up on shelf." Box 62-K.

GENTLEMAN, fortyish, desires interesting correspondence with attractive, cultured lady, thirtyish. Box 37-K.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR will rent, furnished, to appreciative adults, his six-room home on Hudson, near station, fifty minutes Grand Central (NYC). Box 38-K.

EDITOR of medical and related scientific material, with general publishing experience, desires permanent position, woman, early forties, unencumbered. Box 39-K.

"WIT AND HUMOR OF AMERICA," 12 volumes of scintillating material gathered from the best sources, edited by Marshall P. Wilder, $17.25. Box 40-K.

"THE LOCK AND KEY LIBRARY," 10 volumes of classic mystery and detective stories from all countries, from ancient to modern times, edited by Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. $19.75. Box 41-K.

COMPLETE WORKS of Thomas de Quincey, 22 volumes, almost 6000 pages, by the author of "Confessions of an Opium Eater," $37.50. Box 42-K.

FRAZER'S GOLDEN BOUGH, completely unabridged and unexpurgated London edition, primary source material on all modern taboos, 12 volumes, $68.85. Box 43-K.

FIRST BOOK written and published by a Negro in America! Phyllis Wheatley's Poems, Boston, 1773, signed by the author, $52.50. Box 46-K.

FREDERIC REMINGTON illustrated edition of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," magnificent, $12.50. Box 44-K.

A NICE GIFT for your minister! Early edition of Matthew Henry's Bible Commentaries, 6 large volumes, contemporary calf binding, $19.85. Box 45-K.

PROFESSIONAL COUPLE desire small house in Westchester (N. Y.) between Hudson and Harlem Train divisions. IRVINGTON 3155 collect.

PERSONALS

BACHELOR, thirtyish, reticent, in business, planning postwar travels, invites correspondents. Box 54-K.

VETERAN, fortyish, unattached, agricultural graduate, author of text on domestic waterfowl, desires correspondence with owner of Connecticut farm. Object: Job, rent, lease or operate on mutually satisfactory basis. Box 238, Grand Central Annex (N. Y. C.).

CHINESE INSTRUCTOR, thirtyish, refined, well educated, would like correspondence with American, European female, interested in literature, international relations. Box 55-K.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED SOLDIER, twentyish, desires correspondence with ex-servicemen regarding readjustment to civilian life. Box 56-K.

CAN A WOMAN FIND her greatest pleasure in books? Box 57-K.

GENTLEMAN, thirty-two, serious and sincere, seeks connection with an inventor, preferably in the field of aeronatics. Free to go. Would consider other fields. Box 58-K.

FELLOW SAGITTARIANS, thirtyish, write gay-hearted business gal. Box 61-K.

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YOUNG MAINE AUTHOR interested in dwelling on Southern or Californian estate. Occasional chores desired. Box 63-K.

INTERESTED Indou civilization, would correspond with persons likely interested preferably Indous, Buddhist, Hinduist. Box 64-K.

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, quality, FM. Agfa, 3.5 lens camera. Like new. Both for $300. Box 66-K.

NEITHER CHARMING nor brilliant, nor yet unattractive midwest woman, thirtyish, who enjoys literature, music, theatre, nature, cooking, dancing, would correspond with business or professional man, fortyish. Box 65-K.

WRITER, tired of everyday swindles. Desires to correspond with young lady relatively unspoiled by modern civilization. Box 67-K.

FOR RENT: "Doby Cottage," with studio living room, fireplace, bath, $50 monthly. "Homestead Cottage," 2 rooms, connecting bath, $60. Both with kitchenettes, patio, modern, attractive, completely furnished. Jersey milk, butter, horses available on ranch. Climate and scenery unsurpassed. Limited transportation offered. Write MIMI ABBOTT KLENE, Curly Horse Ranch, Sonoita, Arizona.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN with cat, both accustomed refined surroundings, wishes home with family, East Side Manhattan above 42 St. Box 68-K.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, although partly blind, can read black typewritten letters; desires friendly exchange of experiences in life, art, travel, with other men. What kind of world do you like? Box 69-K.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature. 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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The Crostics Club

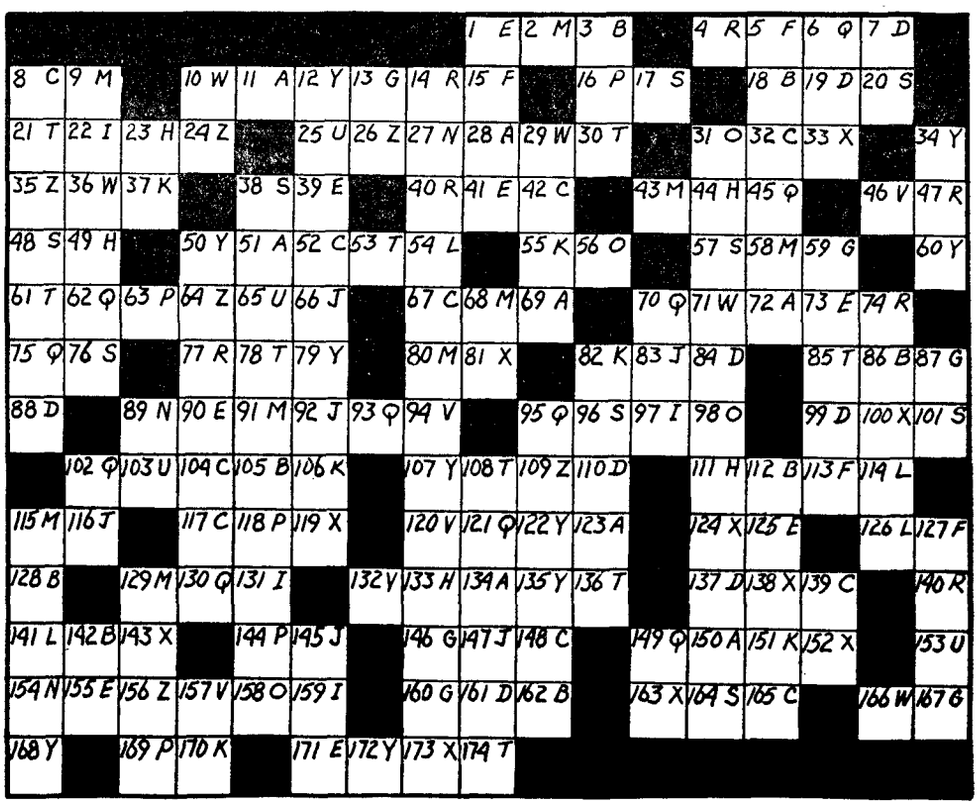
ANNA ROTHE, Editor, *Current Biography,* The H. W. Wilson Co., has come promptly to my rescue with: "Yesterday morning quite a coincidence—my happening upon an authority for 'that' as a relative pronoun, and reading your question in the *SRL* in the afternoon: In 'Style Book in English,' by Raymond W. Pence ('44): '*That* may rightly be used as a relative pronoun to refer to persons despite a persistent notion to the contrary. In view of the fact that *that*-relative clauses are almost invariably restrictive (plus the added fact that *that* is just as good a relative pronoun as *who* or *which* referring to people or things), the learner might try the scheme of using *that* for all his restrictive clauses and then he would be safe in setting off all his *who* or *which*-clauses, for they would of course be additive. . . .'" And, Miss Rothe adds, "That's that."

C. G. Gaum, Professor in University Extension, Rutgers University, comes forcibly to the support of B. L. Kime: "So glad some one else is *Due to* conscious. I recall Prof. Pitkin saying, in a letter, 'the incorrect use of *due* is a white slug in the garden of English' . . . I know of no paper from the greatest to the least which does not permit this solecism every day. . . . Similarly *Shall-will.* Most of us have quit struggling. But I still maintain that in serious writing the distinction is very necessary. I was glad to see Pres. FDR make it, 'If nominated I shall run, if elected I will serve.'" . . .

My mention of the Temple Shakespeare has stirred a sympathetic chord in Elizabeth Underhill's experience: "I was given a limp leather set on my twelfth birthday and it or part of it accompanied me not only to all Sothern and Marlowe repertoire, Faversham's and Forbes Robinson's, but crossed the Atlantic to the Shakespeare Summer Festival at Stratford. . . . It would doubtless have continued its journeyings had my father not presented me with a set of the Stage Edition, India paper, in six neat volumes, complete with case much better suited for ocean travel, for we attended the Festival five summers after that first time. Once in a while, though an anti-referencer, I do take down a volume of the Temple to look up an obscure servant or what not in 'Love's Labours Lost' or some other play your fertile mind has searched for crostic needs. . . . Let me say, I heartily disagree with Franklin Day. No. 537 and 538 were particularly pleasing to me and all lovers of gardens. After all, we can't all be realists, planners for the future, and adherents of basic English."

My Librarian friend in Toronto recently excused a delay in replying to a letter query of mine on the ground that Series 16 stood in the way. So do one's chickens come home to roost!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 544

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Early capital of Russia.

B. English King who expelled Canute (1014).

C. Alternate title (with *The*) of "Vittoria Corombona" (John Webster).

D. Family name of contemporary actress, father and uncle both in the Congress.

E. Of doubtful propriety (comp.)

F. Mother of Apollo and Artemis.

G. Rabble.

H. Any ermine or weasel with black tail-tip.

I. Site of Taj Mahal.

J. American medical plan, as *Cimicifuga racemosa.*

K. Applied to English *borough* with few voters and full representation in Parliament (Reform Bill, 1832).

L. A tau cross with loop top, symbol of life (Egypt. Relig.)

M. Emperor of Japan, grandfather of present Emperor (1867-1912).

N. A "little" character in American fiction, created in 1851-2.

O. Night (Norse Myth.)

P. The scribe of the gods (Egypt. Relig.)

Q. To the full extent; inexpressibly.

R. Author of the first Gospel.

S. An Indian of about 3000 left in Agencies in Wyoming, Nevada, etc.

T. Set free, as dogs, passions, etc.

U. Forward; bold.

V. Very small brooks.

W. To play the role.

X. Mexican surrealist artist (1885-).

Y. Not displeased.

Z. The cause or source of trouble (with *the*).

WORDS

28 11 134 72 150 51 69 123

105 18 112 142 128 3 86 162

67 32 52 117 148 139 165 104 8 42

110 137 161 7 19 84 99 88

73 39 125 171 1 41 90 155

127 113 15 5

146 160 167 59 87 13

23 49 133 44 111

97 159 131 22

92 145 147 116 66 83

106 170 55 82 37 151

126 114 54 141

43 2 80 9 58 68 91 115 129

27 89 154

158 56 31 98

144 63 16 169 118

130 102 75 62 95 93 6 121 70 149 45

77 40 74 140 14 47 4

48 96 38 76 164 57 17 20 101

108 53 21 78 61 136 30 174 85

153 103 65 25

46 157 132 120 94

71 10 166 29 36

173 124 138 163 33 143 119 152 100 81

12 122 172 60 34 168 79 50 135 107

109 35 156 24 64 26

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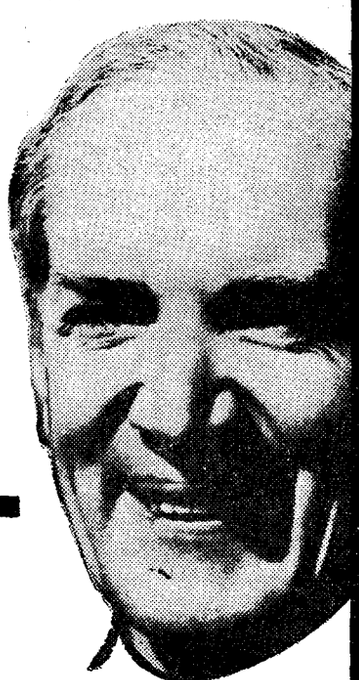

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